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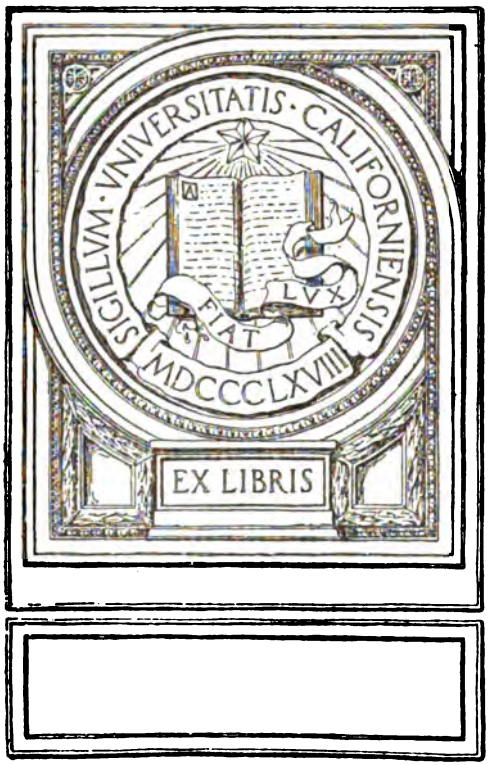
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CALIFORNIAN TRAILS, INTIMATE GUIDE TO THE OLD MISSIONS

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Californian Trails, Intimate Guide to the Old Missions

The Story of the California Missions

By
TROWBRIDGE HALL

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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1920

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THE INTERIOR OF PALA MISSION CHAPEL, PAINTED IN CRUDE INDIAN COLORS

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A FOREWORD

BANCROFT & Co. "milled" tome after tome upon California and the Pacific Coast. Hittel, the historian, followed with seven or eight royal octavos, and the learned Father Zephyrin Engelhardt compiled from mission records five thick pithy volumes. These three practically exhaust all original sources. To go behind them would be a sheer waste of time and so, almost all who follow have dug with unblushing freedom in their treasure piles.

The writer of this book is no exception to the rule. He freely acknowledges deep indebtedness to these three historians; and also to Messrs. James, Saunders and Chase, as well as to many lesser lights who "loaned" tid-bits from odds and ends of book and pamphlet. He hopes to have brought to the surface such historic facts, chit-chat and fable as will be of interest even to the casual reader and traveler.

Appreciation is also due the artist-photographers, Messrs. C. C. Pierce, Taylor, Putnam and Valentine, whose pictures appear in the book. To them and others—all thanks.

Dated June 1, 1920, Pasadena, California.

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CALIFORNIAN TRAILS, INTIMATE GUIDE TO THE OLD MISSIONS

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CALIFORNIAN TRAILS, INTIMATE GUIDE TO THE OLD MISSIONS

CHAPTER I

THE INTRODUCTION AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST MISSION FOUNDATION—SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

A WORLD-FAMED etymologist says that far back in the Middle Ages, when on pilgrimages to the Holy Land, the French Crusaders were continually being asked where they were going. Their reply was: *a la sainte terre*. This colloquially was soon abbreviated into Saint-terrers, and then, in the course of time, by those to whom French was a barbaric tongue, to Saunterers. And it seems as though this term of Sauntering was peculiarly well fitted to apply to a summer idling along the trails the heroic and self-sacrificing Franciscans blazed in California during the late seventeen hundreds, even though they have now widened into well-paved highways and a speedy motor-car replaces the slow-plodding burro of the earlier time. Always provided, have it understood, that your traveling companions be Imagination, Sympathy, and Understanding, lest the end of the trail be

Disillusionment; for you are wandering in the avenues of the past through an often discordantly modern setting and a present-day critical atmosphere sadly out of tune with old ways.

Europe and Asia, whose abbeys and shrines are in an almost perfect state of preservation, with a beginning long antedating the attempt to balance the legendary egg before Ferdinand and Isabella, look with scarcely concealed amusement at America when antiquity-hunting in her own country; but if Confucius is to be trusted, "To-day, some day will be a hundred years ago"; and, should the fight to preserve the monuments of California at the same time develop a love of country, the old missions will be doing a service comparable with the object for which they were founded.

For two decades or more a small but enthusiastic band of men and women, united by their reverence for the past, have been struggling to prevent complete obliteration of the mission ruins; and, in so far as practicable, to reconstruct the original roads connecting them.

As a direct outcome of their work, the destroying hand of Time has been stayed and, here and there, restorations begun; while every mile of road that once joined the twenty-one missions has been surveyed and is now marked by hundreds of emblematic bell posts, bearing the title El Camino Real—The Royal Road.

But this is the sole barrier to a "contempt with which

history will one day surely mark the present generation for permitting an almost criminal negligence."

Our plan of sauntering is to follow this Royal Road, as much with the eye of memory and imagination as with the physical eye, for whose unaided interest, there is often left pitifully little of the old great past to appeal. We shall follow it, as it leads, almost from the borders of the New Spain whence it came, to its Northern End above San Francisco, contenting ourselves with what it brings, of storied ruin, or preserved relic, of memory or imagination.

Once upon a time any person, rich or poor, could travel it without expending a single penny. It had no inns nor hostelries. Only it had the missions, from that of San Diego in the South to far distant Sonoma. Good Padre Junipero Serra had dreamed them and before his death in 1784 the dream had been established at nine different stations. In the next thirty years, but for San Francisco Solano of 1823, it was to grow to its fullest extent. Below, follows a list of the foundations:

Mission	Founded
San Diego de Alcala	1769
San Carlos Borromeo	1770
San Antonio de Padua	1771
San Gabriel Arcangel San Gabriel - near Pill.	1771
San Luis Obispo	1772
San Francisco de Asis	1776
San Juan Capistrano Capistrano: 35 mi. from San Luis Rey	1776

Santa Clara	1777
San Buenaventura	1782
Santa Barbara	1786
La Purisima Concepcion	1787
San Cruz	1791
La Soledad	1791
San Jose	1797
San Juan Bautista	1797
San Miguel	1797
San Fernando	1797
San Luis Rey	1798
Santa Ines	1804
San Rafael Arcangel	1817
San Francisco Solano	1823

The missions, it must be remembered, purely religious as conceived by the leader of the movement, had also a very real secular value. It was largely on this account that the Spanish government encouraged them. They were outer defences of the system in that they promoted docility among the Indians; and also they were the economic life of the country. Their period was the pastoral period of Californian history. Many square leagues of the land were under their governance: herds of cattle and sheep, harvests of grain, and also, though to no such great extent, wealth of oil and wine. Their hides and tallow were the mainstay of the foreign trade and practically supported the government.

The labor on these great estates was performed by

Neophyte Indians—won to this service by the persuasiveness and zeal of the Padres and the mysteries of the religion which they practiced and taught to the exclusion of all other knowledge but that of the various manual activities which they required and superintended.

So it was, no matter when the visitor might arrive, at any hour of the day or night, Indian servants were always at command, also a good bed to sleep upon and a splendid table. It was not unusual for a Spanish host to leave a small heap of silver, covered with linen cloth, from which the stranger was supposed to supply his wants. Horses to ride were ever at his service. It was customary as the first occupation of the morning to catch a horse from the most convenient field, saddle and bridle it ready for instant use and when the traveler tired one horse he might take another, leaving the first in the road—anywhere. If nightfall caught him far from shelter it was the agreeable custom of the day that he might slaughter an animal from the nearest herd and it was quite understood that he had entirely met the exigencies of the case if he courteously hung the hide where the owner of the beast could find it.

What charming medieval hospitality!

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

On July 16th in the year 1769, though nearing the breakfast hour, not a sign of smoke was traceable at one

of the many wigwams in the Indian village of Cosoy. The entire population was out of doors, clustered about the hill which centered in the town. The "ugly blue-eyed, nasty white-colored devils" who had come from the unknown some ninety suns ago were brewing more witch medicine, and must be watched. But as the "Diggers" really cared for nothing save how to fill their stomachs, even the tense excitement which had pulled them out of doors did not prevent many of the family groups from browning over red-hot stones their every-day ration of wild locusts.

The more provident, with meat in their larder, were busy cutting it into strips and then tying it to long cords which permitted them, after swallowing and retaining it for a few moments, to pull out the partly digested mass and pass it along to the next expectant members of the family who would keep on repeating this operation until the delectable morsel was "no more."

The men were entirely naked, unless glistening daubs of paint and dangling snail shells from ears and nose can be considered clothing. The women wore two fibre-aprons, suspended from a girdle around the waist, one at the back, one at the front, leaving an opening at either side, presumably the forerunner of the one-time modish slit skirt. Both sexes wore long locks smeared with grease and altogether it was a lazy, filthy people "more

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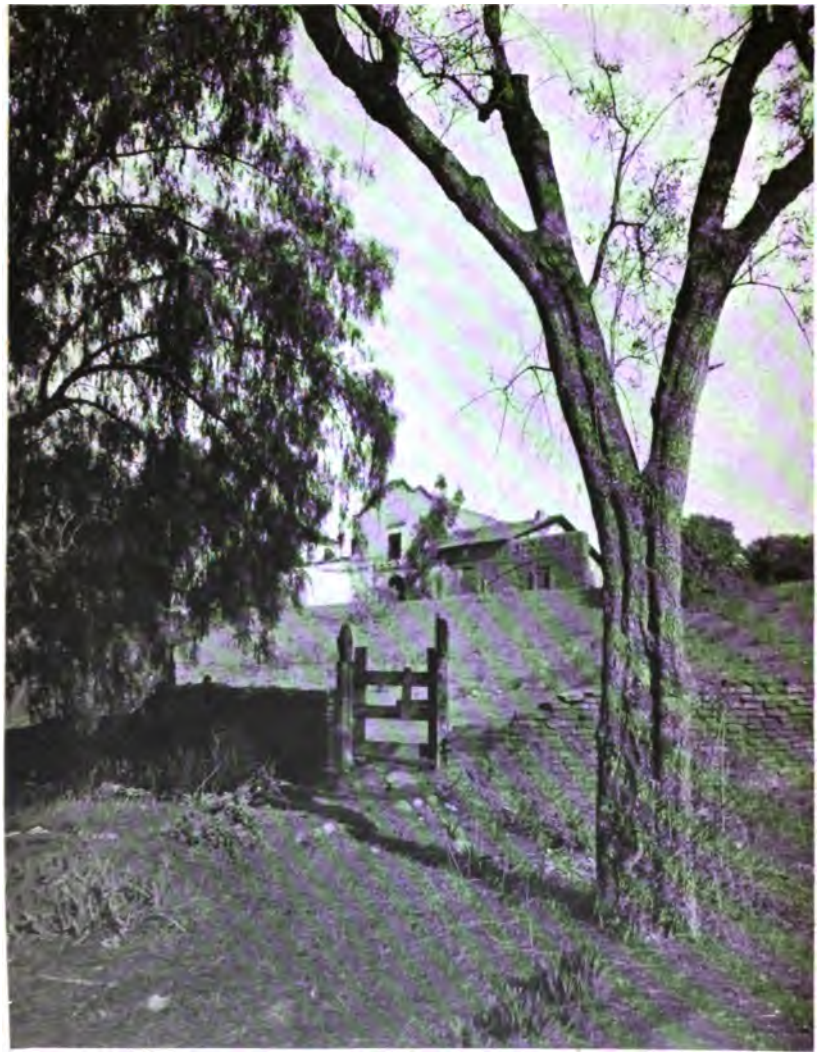


THE MISSION OF SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA AS IT IS TO-DAY

beastly than the beasts," who crouched, in expectant waiting at the base of the hill.

On the heights, except for the guards, was gathered the entire white colony, putting the final touches to rude earthern works surrounding a brushwood structure, a nearby cross and several hanging bells. Priests, with shaven crowns, wearing a loose brown robe, tied at the waist by a long tasseled girdle; soldiers in leather jackets made from tanned deer skin; sailors in ship clothes; caballeros in gay attire—one and all were busy. But suddenly work ceased. Their task was finished. Amid an almost breathless silence Father Junipero Serra blessed the brushwood chapel, the site upon which it stood, and the cross that reared before it. And then, with all the pomp and ceremony that the circumstances permitted, High Mass was sung. With a salvo of musketry the royal standard of Spain was flung to the breeze; while bells rang out their solemn notes, and incense floated over the little altar—incense, which slowly wafting its way seaward, seemed striving to carry the good tidings across the great waters.

And so was born the first Californian Mission—San Diego de Alcala—prophetically named by Viscaino, a hundred and sixty-seven years before.

More pretentious buildings soon came into being;

the wooden stockade gave way to a high wall of brick, and, for sixty years or so, within the quadrangle of the Presidio lived and died the first Spanish colony of upper California. But, though the soldier and the priest worked side by side, Spain was always influenced primarily by lust of Empire rather than by religious zeal, and the sword in point of authority was ever above the cross. It was the old and the always new conflict between Church and State; of petty interference by secular authorities in matters strictly religious. Even the saintly Father Serra was called "a troublesome meddler" for daring to fight against a "civilization that arrived on a powder wagon." In 1774 came the inevitable split; and the missionaries, with their little company of Indian converts, sought new fields.

A few miles up the river an ideal site was located and, before many months had passed, they were housed under better conditions than at Cosoy. For more than a year the work proceeded prosperously, with growing herds, increasing crops, and the far more important spiritual crop of several hundred converts. Then, without reason, unless the Medicine Men who had always wielded an enormous power, found it waning and incited their followers to conspire against the lives of the opposing Priests, eight hundred pagans, under cover of the midnight darkness, stole down upon the eight white men of the mission. The buildings were put to flame.

Father Jaume, a valiant figure of a man, unarmed and alone, came out into the glare of the firelight and, as simply as if in the quiet of his little chapel, greeted the savage, howling mob with his usual salutation: *Amad a Dios hijos*—(Love God, my children). But his courage and faith then availed nothing. He was seized and tortured to death in a frightful manner. His spirit, however, lives, and many bear witness that to this very day a white-robed figure, with lighted candle and cross, can be seen moving about the ruins.

The neophytes, in time, rallied about their spiritual Fathers, and the mission, as we know it from drawings still extant, was then begun, though not fully completed until 1813. They quarried all the stone, made the needed thousands of adobe bricks, and felled the timber which oftentimes grew as many as sixty miles away. Toilsome work, but lightened into a fiesta by the understanding priests who, relaying the Indians in groups a mile apart, sprinkled with holy water the prepared timber, and, to a song accompaniment, hoisted these rafters to the shoulders of the first in line, who transferred them to the second group, and so, without once touching unhallowed ground, they were carried all the sixty miles to the church.

The day came when something like forty square miles were under the guidance of this one mission. A single crop of wheat, barley and corn amounted to 21,000 bushels. In cattle, horses and sheep they tallied

26,000 head. And at nightfall, when the Angelus rang, hundreds of the self-same savages, upon whom, at the memorable founding in 1769 Father Serra had gazed in loving anticipation, were assembled, now gentle, clean and clothed, in prayer.

Secularization—Mexico's desire to pay her debts with other people's property—a virtual confiscation, sounded the death knell to this dream of patriarchical government.

To-day Cosoy, San Diego Old Town, is virtually a ruin to which "picturesque" could not, with honesty, be applied. The average tourist is drawn to it, not because of its mission memories, but for the reason that fiction has woven Old Town into the romance of Ramona. To be sure, fiction has been capitalized, and a very creditable and costly restoration of the storied marriage place has been made; while truth, so much stranger than any fiction—a truth that should be the treasured glory of the city and the state—must satisfy itself with a memorial cross built largely of tile, dug up from the surrounding fields. Presidio Hill, the birthplace of all the missions, is only a weed-covered mound; while the mission buildings, six miles away, are wrecked beyond even a semblance of their former glory. To the thieving "hack driver" of present San Diego, they represent only another source of graft about which tales can be woven for the credulous

tourist, to whom they sell clippings of a near-by bush, grown, they say, from the original crown of thorns. Or else, with bated breath, they point to two poor, mutilated, sacred paintings, and tell how the arrows, fired during the great insurrection, once piercing them, fell harmless to the ground.

CHAPTER II

THE JOURNEY FROM SAN DIEGO, WITH A FIESTA AT SAN LUIS REY AND THE RECORD OF HER ASISTENCIA—PALA

SAN DIEGO's real estate operators (and there are so many, it is said they are forced to wear secret emblems to keep from bothering one another) having had visions of a world center, grabbed seventy-eight square miles of land, all of which was incorporated within the city limits. This gluttony brought on acute financial indigestion, and, for years, the highways were, in consequence, little better than by-ways.

There are, to be sure, well asphalted streets from the Plaza center of San Diego through Murphy Canyon to the bridge, the farther end of which marks the entrance to the mission grounds, but the right-angle turn to the left is only a country road. This is the one that was always traveled by the sandal-shod Fathers in their walks between Mission and Presidio. It runs beside the San Diego River through Mission Valley to Old Town where are found the two giant palms, mothers of all the palms in California, which were planted by the Padres in 1769—until recently so highly reverenced as to be

SAN DIEGO MISSION AND SOME NEARBY PALMS

used for hitching posts and as the most prominent place upon which egotistical tourists from Fool-town could carve their names.

Perhaps another four miles and the road branches sharply oceanward, following the sea to La Jolla. This artistic little settlement, the home of a considerable colony of painters presumably derived its name ("cave-hole") from the sea-cut caverns in the promontory upon which it rests. Leaving it, the road rounds a hill nearby, which gives wonderful backward views of the bay and the rambling one-storied houses, conforming to every irregularity of the rocks; and mounts the grade of the "Torrey" pines. They are scientifically famous as being the only example in the world of their species, which bears a cluster of five needles, instead of the customary three; and are artistically famous as well, judging from the numbers of pictures that have been painted of them.

Now comes Del Mar (of the sea), and from her cheery Elizabethan inn, you have an "eye encompassed" sweep of more than forty miles. Go there, as did the writer, just as the sun was drowsily preparing for bed; when with dreamy brush, he paints in magic colors the curtain of the sky, behind which he is to sink asleep; then when darkness falls about you, watch the eyes of heaven open, one by one—and the spell of California will be upon you.

On leaving Del Mar, one hears the sea "crooning in

long rolling breakers against gleaming shore-lines" and for many a mile you cling to the ocean—passing Cardiff, the dream city of an enthusiastic Englishman, where streets, cutting through as yet vacant lots exhibit all the hauteur lent by such aristocratic names as Oxford, Cambridge, Westminster, Dublin and Kilkenny; by Encinias, little oaks it means, though the trees are mostly eucalyptus, deadening the air with sickly odor; through Carlsbad (so called upon the maps, but since the war the "bad" has been taken out and thus Germany loses one more disciple). Then comes the city of Ocean Side, forty-three miles from San Diego, living up to its name by being placed considerably further from the ocean than most of the towns already passed. But what interests the Saunterers most particularly is the mission bell post pointing inland, with the inscription: San Luis Rey 4.7 miles. Another unimproved country road, but the true Camino Real.

All in the golden weather
  Forth let us ride to-day,
You and I together
  On the King's Highway.
The blue skies above us,
  And below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel,
  But 'tis this road for me.

It's a long road and sunny,
  It's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it
  For the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals
  Of the sinner folk that trod
From the fields in the open
  To the shelter house of God.

—From The King's Highway (El Camino Real) by John S. McGroarty.

SAN LUIS, REY DE FRANCIA

The twenty-fifth of August, 1802, dawns at last; the day long awaited and for which all preparations have long since been made. Not alone is it the feast day of the Patron Saint, San Luis—Louis the Ninth, King of France, canonized in 1297 for his piety during the Crusades, but it celebrates the completion of the church, dedicated to San Luis when it was founded four years before.

Small wonder that to-day the pleasure loving Indians have to be rounded up by the Alcades and forced under whip lash into the very doors of the sanctuary. How the Alcades love to flourish their badge of authority—a scourge of raw-hide ten feet long, plaited to the thickness of one's wrist! And little do the Alcades realize that

theirs is the reward of laziness, for the knowing Padres finding it impossible to make them work in the fields, cloak them with brief power that forces them to work even harder and longer, persuading their fellows.

It is a restless crowd that finally gathers indoors this beautiful August morning. Outdoors is calling. Will the prayers never cease? Does the white man's God forget that this is a holiday?

Mass finally over, there is a pell-mell rush to the corral, which here is enclosed by a fence of oxen skulls with horns still outstanding. Forty of the younger men at once shed the white man's useless garb and, naked, except for breech cloth, with lasso in hand, step within the enclosure. At top speed they run round and round the cattle, yelling with all the power of their lungs to further excite the animals. In a moment there is one whirling mass, always twisting and turning in a circle; a constantly changing outer ring—those on the inside making every effort to escape without, those on the outside striving to reach safety within. This gives the encircling Indians a chance to select with the least danger, and there is danger for it is of frequent occurrence to be gored—sometimes to death—even when entering the corral to lasso for daily food.

Soon the cattle are separated into three groups: *de rodea*—for branding or slaughter; *de enfrante*—for fighting, and *de ordena*—cows for milking.

The fighting bulls are first coaxed into specially pre-

pared quarters to be groomed for the afternoon's sport. The ones selected for branding are forced singly through a gate into adjoining corrals, and a sizzling iron, in the shape of a church with cross on top, is clapped to their hind quarters. Those wanted for food are again lassoed and thrown, their throats cut, the hide stripped off and pegged to the ground; whilst the carcasses, once cleaned, are taken to the bake-ovens, which are large enough to roast the animals entire. The cows for milking are merely driven into one of the adjacent smaller enclosures, where the Indian women await them—three for each cow. One holds her by the head, a second hangs on to the hind legs, while a third does the milking. The work thus divided gives every opportunity for the exchange of gossip and scandal, so dear to their feminine hearts.

Some of the watching groups soon tire and wander off to indulge their passion for dancing. Here, again, the Padres show their wisdom in permitting the Indians to indulge in all the pastimes of their savage state, provided decency is not offended. While the first lesson in civilization was not to go about entirely naked, but for men to wear a linen shirt and trousers and women a chemise and skirt; in native dancing, the men immediately discard these "worthless" articles and dress their heads with feathers and their faces and bodies with glaring mineral colors traced in grotesque patterns. The women's woven skirts are replaced by those made from tails of

squirrels and rabbits, trimmed with bird feathers; their arms are covered with shell bracelets and their necks hung with beads. Bones tied with string serve as castanets, while split reeds, the beating of skin drums, the clapping of hands, the rattling of tortoise shells filled with pebbles, make a merry discord by which is timed the singing and dancing. A monotonous droning in a minor key ever accompanies the dance and to the guttural i-ah-we-lay, i-ah-we-hay-lah, ha-low-hal-wah-ah-kay, first one foot and then the other is slowly lifted in a horizontal movement from right to left; suddenly the arms shoot outward and the dancers leap from the ground and whirl in dervish ecstasy, only as suddenly to fall back into rhythmical step with a rapid swaying of the upper body.

Afternoon finds everyone crowding into the inner quadrangle of the mission, seeking safe places behind the temporary barricades which line all four sides. Every available inch of space is soon jammed to suffocation by stolid-faced Indian men and women. It is a moment of intense excitement, yet there they sit, outwardly impassive, with eyes fixed on the door through which the bull will enter. There is profound silence, except for the bellowing of the beast as he slowly approaches from his darkened enclosure. The door suddenly swings aside and, with a furious snort, in he dashes. Blinded by the sudden glare, he rushes to the barricade and butts his

horns in the yielding boards; but a more worthy foe awaits him—a mountain lion, captured for this very purpose by Indian hunters, is now inside the ring. A low snarl, an angry roar, and the lion leaps upon the bull's flank burying his teeth in the quivering flesh. The bull paws the ground in helpless rage, rushes wildly around and around, and, with blood streaming down his sides, dashes against the wooden enclosure. Writhing and twisting in a thousand ways, he tries to escape this new torture, but in vain until, with a last violent effort, he is free. But the lion is no sooner flung to the ground, than he jumps at the throat. The bull, by this time, with blood-shot eyes and foaming mouth, maddened by the pain, thirsts to retaliate. Lowering his head, he meets his foe in mid-air. The terrible horns pierce the lion's belly and carry him uplifted, across the ring, where he is finally thrown to the ground like a bundle of rags—dead.

The second act takes place as soon as another bull appears on the scene, this time with horns well swathed and blunted.

At once a number of men and the more adventurous of the boys, hop the barrier and with coats, shawls, or strips of cloth start in to bait him—teasing and badgering him in every way possible. They twist his tail, jump on his back—some are agile enough to cling there in spite of his wild bucking about the arena. The nimblest among them plant poles in the ground and, as the bull runs

toward them, take flying leaps which land them on the far side. Those more cruelly inclined stick him with *banderillas de fuogo* (firecracker darts that go off the moment the point penetrates the flesh) until, maddened by pain and blinded by rage, the bull goes running amuck, knocking down first one and then another, or with lowered horns tosses a too daring lad. Again and again the bull and his tormentors disappear in a cloud of dust; but scraped faces or bruised limbs for the amateur matador and a weary, very disgusted bull is the ordinary ending.

Evening comes all too quickly, but with the first darkness, dozens of fires brighten the night. Around each fire squat eight peon gamblers, four to a side. One group hold in their hands two bones, a black and a white one, tied together by a cord some dozen inches long. A blanket lies spread on the ground in front of each four players. Back of the gamblers are circled the women, just out of the line of light, who, as the players holding the peon bone bend forward to grasp the blanket with their teeth, break forth in wild incantations. With hands fumbling beneath the blanket, the players suddenly rise to their knees, drop the blanket from their teeth, and sway from side to side in time with the chant. The opposing four are supposed to guess who has the black bone; if successful, they get the peon, if unsuccessful one counter is

placed in front of the winning side. There are fourteen counters and all must be won to win the game. Daylight finds many still playing.

But the fiesta is over.

While San Luis Rey is the second "pearl" of the mission rosary it is the eighteenth in point of foundation and, with past experience to draw upon, was brought to life under far better auspices than any of the earlier missions, consequently it was exceedingly prosperous from the very start. At the height of its prosperity, about 1826, it is described by a traveler who visited it. "Turning inland from the sea [Oceanside where the sign post gives the distance of 4.7 miles] and after a hard canter of an hour and a half, I saw, on a piece of rising ground, the superb buildings of San Luis Rey, whose glittering whiteness flashed back the rays of the setting sun. At this distance it had all the appearance of some fairy palace forming a square five hundred feet on each side; the main facade was a long peristyle borne on thirty-two square pillars. Within was a court, around which ran the cloister; in the center was a fountain playing day and night. Inside the walls dwelt nearly three thousand neophytes, to say nothing of the other thousands who, directly or indirectly, were being influenced for better."

The original beauty of its many buildings and its

great prosperity were directly traceable to the zeal and devotion of Father Peyri and no other missionary left behind him a finer record than did this padre—a thoroughgoing man and at the same time almost a saint, with so strong a personality as to make a lasting impression upon even these phlegmatic Indians who, for many years after his departure, placed candles and flowers in front of his picture to which they offered up prayers. They preferred praying to a saint of proven goodness, rather than to one of storied virtue.

Then came secularization and, ~~if the writers of that time are to be believed~~, of all the vast herd only one hundred and ninety cattle remained and but thirty-five of those one-time happy, prosperous Indians. The buildings were pillaged for the tiles and rafters; the very arches were blown to bits for the sake of a few bricks, and then to overflow the brimming cup of blasphemy, ranch houses were built from this wreckage, built within the very site of the denuded mission.

San Luis, while passing through the same unfortunate phases as did all the other missions, had the good fortune in 1892 to be selected as the seat of a college for training Franciscans. With such meager means as the church could spare, restoration then began, and thanks to the original materials on the ground, the work progressed sufficiently for the Church to be re-dedicated in 1893.

In the seats of honor sat three old Indian women who had been present at the original dedication in 1802.

SAN LUIS REY RUINS, AFTER SECULARIZATION

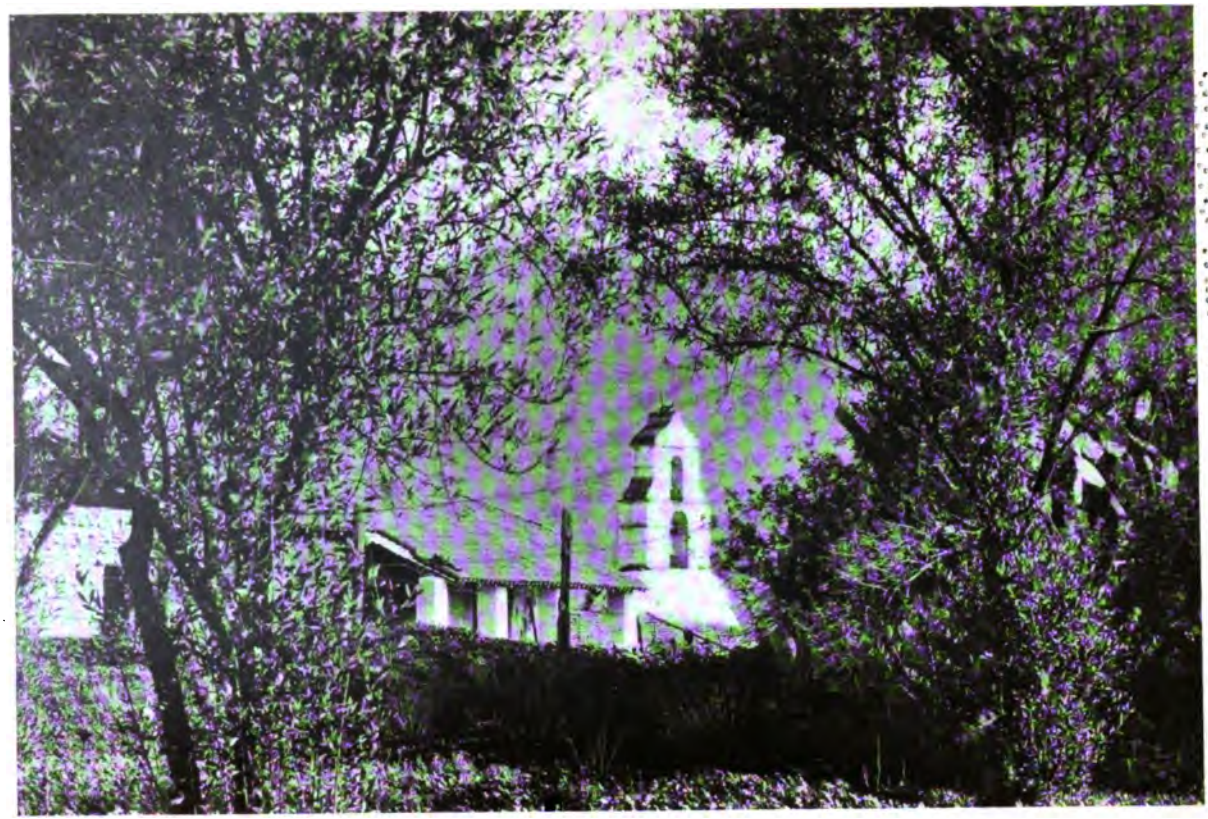
El Camino Real de Pala is a good dirt road and as far as Bonsall, eight miles away, runs over fertile rolling plains, now yellowed with ripening grain. The succeeding twelve miles to Pala, however, wind through a rocky valley following the bank of what must have been an amazingly uneasy conscienced river for it seems to be forever turning and twisting in its bed. A rocky bed at that; and a rocky country, with boulders overhanging the very road as though ready to drop. Hot, too, something like 100 in the shade—"and no shade." Seemingly, nothing could grow here except "Burbank's folly"—a spineless cactus which covers the fields on both sides.

But again the end justifies the means, and the end of our road discloses a beautiful, pure white Campanile, locally as famous as is St. Mark's or Pisa in its native land—the Campanile of San Antonio de Pala.

Agua Caliente, for centuries the home of the Palatinguas (Hot-water Indians), was coveted by the white man when once he learned the medicinal value of the warm springs to which, from time immemorial, the Indians had resorted in case of sickness. They had found these healing waters even more efficacious than their Temescals—something akin to Roman baths.

But why should the white man pay the "dog of an Indian" each time he wants to drink of these spring waters or bathe in them? What cared he that there the Indians were born, married and had buried their dead?

Spanish law and Mexican law, to be sure, recognize their rights; as for that, so does American law. But American law is made to say that the Indians must confirm these rights by making application before accredited agents and no one ever thought of explaining this to the Indians. Seeing that the Indian, if he reads at all, reads only Spanish, what skilfully stacked cards for the thieving white man! Finally comes the day when the unsuspecting natives are legally—God save the mark!—ordered from their life-long homes. Some meet this order fatalistically; some in ugly fighting mood; some in despair, but all refuse to lift a hand in the moving and instinctively turn to the graves of their ancestors for consolation. Weeping and wailing, they throw themselves before the rude, unpainted crosses which mark the last resting place of those held so dear. From cemetery they go to chapel where they prostrate themselves in front of the white man's God. Is he displeased, or, when he says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," is he thinking only of white faces? In order to enforce this order of eviction armed guards are obliged to enter every adobe and personally strip it of clothing, food and furniture, which is later piled on the ground outside. The people by this time are running wildly hither and thither, watching with tear-stained faces the wreckage of their homes. Helter skelter, everything is dumped into waiting carts—furniture, baskets, babies, hen-coops, and food—



THE CHAPEL OF SAN ANTONIO DE PALA

all jumbled together. Behind, trails a long grief-laden procession, which, for three days and nights, toils over the dusty mesa, and worn and exhausted, reaches Pala, where the long unused mission church is waiting, with open doors, to comfort them. But it is many, many a moon before these once devout Indians can be induced to enter and pay devotion to a God who apparently has deserted them.

It was in 1816 that the good Father Peyri, having been refused authority to increase the size of San Luis, was able to dedicate to San Antonio de Padua the simple buildings now known as Pala to be an asistencia or branch to the parent church. In no time at all there gathered around him a thousand or more devout and hard working natives, but after a few years of peaceful, contented life, the scourge of secularization overtook them too and stripped them of all material wealth. Church and cloister were left as playthings for wind and weather. The acres tilled by once industrious Indians reverted to the Mexican government, and by it were granted to the first land-hungry Yankee, to be transferred by him to the United States, when time shamed that government into providing a home for the defrauded Palatinguas.

The half ruined chapel was rebuilt by the help of public gifts; and it is pleasant to note that those few mission Indians who still lingered thereabout, not to be

outdone by richer neighbors, gave freely of all they had to give—their time—for the rebuilding.

Once more peace and contentment reign.

CHAPTER III

THE THIRTY-FIVE-MILE JAUNT FROM SAN LUIS REY AND THE STORY OF THE TRAGEDY AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

THE road still clings to ocean's side, oftentimes in such close embrace that the spray from rolling breakers enfolds the "saunterers." Finally it pushes away and wanders towards the valley which widens into a great orchard plain, where orange trees sweeten the air, and peach and almond blossoms color the landscape. But ocean's magnetic call proves too strong and the philandering road, again enticed, hastens back and then, as if ashamed of giving way to the weakness, hides behind a bluff, high and scarred and browned by the scorching sun to a hundred rich and varying shades.

The first town passed is Las Flores, which, as the name implies, is the center of great flower ranches, where carnations carpet the fields. Then comes San Onofre, notable only as the border town of San Diego County, the most distant out-post of San Diego's grabbing land-sharks. Finally, the traveller reaches Serra,

near which is the setting of one of Dana's famous exploits, so realistically told in "Two Years Before the Mast." To-day, all that marks that once busy beach is a tumble-down shed on the top of the sheer thousand-foot-high cliff. At the base of this are still the protruding rocks on which the cattle hides, thrown from above, used to catch and pile. Now, they are white with the bird-lime of countless roosting sea-gulls—otherwise not a sign of life.

Three miles sharp inland and one reaches the sleepy little town of Capistrano, thirty-five miles from San Luis Rey.

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

It is an oppressively heavy, murky morning, the air so surcharged with electricity that the dullest of nerves feels an answering tingle; while, over the sensitively responsive creeps an apprehension of impending evil, so real that not even the music of the saintly bells, now calling to early mass, is able to dispel it.

It is the morning of December 8th, in the year 1812, the feast day of the Immaculate Conception, a holy day of obligation, and there is not one man or woman within sound of these ringing chimes, physically able to drag himself or herself to church, who is not in church. Soon they are kneeling on the bare tiled floor, of necessity, for only the musicians and singers, now somewhat noisily

EARLY MASS IN THE CHAPEL OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

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preparing for service in the choir loft above the entrance door, are privileged to have a bench upon which to sit.

A few moments of waiting, and four Indian acolytes appear at the sacristy door. Approaching with devout genuflexions, they commence to light the altar, and as the flames flicker into steady glow, the nine statues, set in the nine niches of the reredos, seem to step out from their shadowed recesses and bless the kneeling people. There is Mary Magdalene, whose shining face endears her to all penitent women; Dominic, who, as founder of the Dominicians, fought for the conversion of heretics, and fights here again to-day; Antony, who was forever railing against covetousness and miserliness; Saint John, the patron saint; Madonnna with the child, and Mary, the Blessed Virgin; all seemed to be interceding, praying, and by their presence bringing comfort to contrite hearts.

The candle light, reflected by the heavy silver candlesticks adorning the altar, is caught up by the two mirrors at either side, and broken into a hundred rays which settle in aureoles about the sacred images. Two convex mirrors, framed in shining gold, hang at the altar, so that the priests, even while saying mass, may watch the often restive Indian congregation.

And every known method is employed to seize and hold their wandering attention. All seven domes of the church are painted in as many different garish colors, while the sides are decked in crude designs of raw pig-

ments, pleasing to their primitive taste. The walls are thickly hung with pictures and statues of angels and saints, and the fourteen stations of the cross. In a further attempt to assist the dull Indian mind to grasp religious truths, every church symbol that is calculated to strike the ignorant savage with awe is also used—pictures of hell, death, judgment, and purgatory. One banner, which hangs clear of the wall, is painted on both sides—the one side with a scene from the life of the Virgin, the other showing Satan roasting in the flames of hell; offering, as it were, the choice of becoming a subject of the Holy Mother, or broiling on the gridiron of his Satanic Majesty, and so realistically depicted that the issue is seldom in doubt.

At the first movement of the Mass, with the Kyrie Eleison, the neophyte orchestra, playing violin, flute, drum and cymbal, accompanies the singers. Stretched across the music racks are two huge leather-covered, iron-clasped hymn-books whose vellum leaves are limned in a gigantic score, the notes in different colors to indicate the different parts. A choir master frantically tries to direct with a long pole closely resembling a billiard cue. And how the Indians love to sing. Whatever they may lack in melody, they make up in power of lung.

The Sanctus bell rings thrice, and the faithful fall prostrate—their heads almost touching the pavement,

THE CONFESSIONAL, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

their hands, the meanwhile, fumbling with rude rosaries.

At the altar, in gorgeous chasuble of woven silk and silver, the priest bowing low, says: *In spiritu humilitatis, et in animo contrito suscipiamur a te Domine*—(Accept us, Oh Lord, in the spirit of humility and contrition of heart, and grant that the sacrifice we offer this day in thy sight may be pleasing to Thee). There is a deep silence, not a movement—not a sound. It is as though the people are expecting a divine apparition, a mysterious voice, or some awful revelation to come from the dim sanctuary.

The buildings slightly tremble, but this passes unnoticed by the people in the clutch of religious fervor, and the priest continues: *Ne perdas cum impiis animam meam.*

A low pitched rumbling issues from the earth, as it rises and falls in sympathy with the infernal refrain. The church rocks in violent movement until the domes split wide apart and the roof comes crashing to the ground. The people, paralyzed with fear, still kneel, with bowed heads and clasped hands, as though life itself were suspended.

Another violent trembling. The bell tower sways back and forth, and, gaining momentum with every movement, it finally topples and falls, full length, upon the Plaza far below. The gilded cock, that once topped the spire in exultant pose, lies with broken wings and sheared comb, a symbol of pride's short reign.

Far above the noise of the crashing timbers and falling stones is heard the voice of the priest, *Sursum corda*, as he beckons to all to come within the sanctuary. All who reach there are saved, but not one other, unless you are to believe the legend which tells that, in the late afternoon whilst the workers are striving to clear away the wreckage, a faint cry is heard coming from a mass of debris, and, digging deep, they find a new-born babe who is brought into the world by the hand of terror. The child lives and is known as Niño del Temblor, or Child of the Earthquake.

It was in November, 1776, that this mission was actually founded, though a fruitless attempt had been made some twelve months before, which causes some historians to incorrectly record 1775 as the foundation date. It was named after St. John, born in Capistrano—San Juan Capistrano, a doughty old saint, always in the thick of every fight, usually in the forefront, with a crucifix as his only weapon. But his main claim to sainthood came, not from fighting but from preaching to the army of Hunyadi, and the Book of Golden Traditions naively recites at some length, how very "moving" he was.

Many years rolled by before the mission secured the material wealth and necessary number of converts to even start construction of the great church, which

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THE ALTAR OF THE ORIGINAL CHURCH OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

was intended to be a lasting monument to the Franciscan fathers and their devoted followers. Not until 1797, eleven years after the foundation, did the Padres find themselves strongly enough entrenched to attempt to cope with this herculean task; for without architectural training, with unskilled labor and rude tools, the task was inded herculean and the results little short of marvelous. A church was laid out in the form of a Roman cross, 180 feet long and 90 feet wide, with a tower so high that it could be seen at least ten miles away. The building material was of stone, which had to be brought from a quarry six miles distant. To do this, the entire community was enrolled—men and women, old and young; children, little and big—one and all carried, from quarry to building, such stones as their strength permitted, creeping back and forth in an endless chain, like a stream of mason-ants.

It took nine long weary years before the great church could be blessed, and only six short years later came the earthquake described in our last section, and the destruction of this devout work.

Judging from ruined cornices, doorways and arches which show many an exquisite touch, probably no other mission church was so elaborately carved as Capistrano. The official records recount how a master sculptor was brought from Mexico and put in sole charge of the stone carving, with permission to carry out his own

ideas—and he certainly gave full sway to idolatrous fancy. Most of the keystones bear emblems whose significance is full of mystery, though it should not be much effort of the imagination to lay them at the door of Aztec paganism. Doing so, history would only be repeating itself. At the time when Christianity triumphed over paganism, wealthy pagans were being buried in sarcophagi, decorated with reliefs inspired by mythology, and the Christians who followed the pagan example employed the same artists, who were so accustomed to the introduction of certain decorative motifs, that we still see on Christian sarcophagi, Medusa heads, griffens and cupids, the primitive sense of which has long since been forgotten.

The present village of Capistrano remains, in spirit, much the same religiously superstitious town that it was years ago, even though modern thought has forced a change in form and method. In earlier days the great drama of Calvary was accepted by the inhabitants as a debt that must always be paid. They were obsessed with the conviction that the sufferings they individually or collectively could inflict on some village Judas would in a way mitigate the sufferings of that far-away white God about whose trials and tribulations the Padres daily taught them.

Following a service called Las Tinieblas—utter darkness—held in an unlighted church, with even the win-

THE ARCHES OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION

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dows covered, when boards studded with nails were rasped together, boxes full of stones rattled and chains clanked—all expressive of the darkness and the fearsome noises at the crucifixion—the people betook themselves to the Plaza, where four stakes had been driven deep into the ground, a wild bull tied to them, with a Judas already fastened to his back, awaiting the orgy of vengeance. To the clicking of prayer beads might be heard "The days of the sorrows of Jesus are here and must be avenged."

To-day, here alone in all America (so far as the writer knows), this old ceremony is relived in an annual hanging of a straw effigy of Judas on the day of sorrows—Good Friday.

Capistrano has the questionable distinction of being the first of all the missions to be secularized, an act that took place in 1833. So great was the destruction and vandalism that twenty-two years later all this once costly pile was sold for $710. The church has never been rebuilt, the cloister ruins but little restored, and most of the broken corridor pillars give support now, only to rose and honeysuckle vines, which fill the grass-grown courtyard with delicate fragrance. When dusk lays its veiling hand over the scars made by time and man, the inspiring beauty of this noble ruin fills the soul with a peace and joy, never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER IV

ON TO SAN GABRIEL; HER HISTORY, TOGETHER WITH A LEGEND OF HER BELLS

THE El Camino Real plunges farther and farther into the valley, and for two hundred miles or more never so much as attempts to catch a glimpse of Ocean's face, despite the many enticing bypaths and smooth asphalted roads which branch off from the highway and beckon seaward. All the way, well beyond Los Angeles, the seaside is fairly dotted with charming summer colonies, each modestly bidding for patronage by claiming the widest beach in the world or the deepest swimming pool on earth—something or other bigger or greater than anywhere else on any known hemisphere.

Soon the Kingdom of Oranges is entered, and here the tree is sovereign. Some are in full maturity, with branches bending under the golden fruit; others in the springtime of youth, white with fragrant blossoms; many, still in baby clothes, carefully nursed in cradles of wire—acres and acres of yellow and green. Suddenly the road shifts from country to city, when there follows a procession of assorted sized towns, where the houses in-

variably wrap themselves in wondrous blankets of bougainvillea, honeysuckle or climbing rambler, only to hide shyly behind hedges of heliotrope, geranium and calla lilies.

The first town of importance is Anaheim, blessed with a strong German accent and an evident pride in the efficiency that brought the original irrigating plant to California and taught native Californians how much better than nature-rain was the power to make rain, whenever and wherever wanted, by merely turning a spigot. Then follows Fullerton and Whittier, the last a "friendly" thee and thou town, named by its Quaker founders after their beloved poet.

Only a couple of miles farther and the bell post points to San Gabriel boulevard, which runs straight to the village of that name. Another one of those sleepy Spanish-Mexican villages, whose inhabitants "are singularly free from the dread disease of doing something always."

SAN GABRIEL

Not far from Seville, in the little town of Campagna, so famous for bell casting that its name lives forever in Campanile (the bell tower), a crowd of religionists could be seen gathering about the well-known foundry of Paula Ruelas, devoutly eager to witness the birth of a bell which had been consecrated to the holy church.

In the open-air fire-pit was a huge cauldron, brimming full of molten copper and tin, which cast an unearthly glow over two of Ruelas's assistants, as they slowly stirred the spluttering, sizzling liquid. The model shell, into which the metal would soon be poured and allowed to cool in bell form, stood ready, close by, the men only waiting the word of command from their master. But there was yet one further ceremony before casting, to-day merely a matter of form, as only monks, nuns and the poor of the town were present. And Ruelas somewhat perfunctorily steps forward and asks: "Is there anyone present who wishes to sweeten the voice of this bell with a silver offering?" For in these days there was a firm belief in the efficacy of silver.

Far up in front, where he had squirmed his way through the crowd, stood little nine-year-old Miguel, with a look of childish exaltation on his face. Clutched tight in chubby hand was his most cherished possession—a real de plata—which, for safety, had been thrust deep into trouser pocket. For a moment he hesitated, but only for a moment, and then out from its hiding place came the little piece of silver, which was dropped into the steaming pot. As the coin struck the liquid fire there appeared a tiny bubble, which caught by the air, floated into space, a visible sign of the undying spirit of sacrifice.

Drawn to the foundry by an almost irresistible fascination, little Miguel would watch the workmen, day after day, as they cautiously trimmed and pared away the metal, testing with swinging clapper after every cutting. With each test the tones grew sweeter and sweeter, in time vibrating in musical chord, so exquisitely perfect, that all hailed the bell as "Angelus," and decreed that it should be baptized by that name. So, one afternoon, Miguel, as silver sponsor, found himself, with lighted taper in hand, listening to a white-vested Bishop and three attendant priests intoning the prayers of exorcism, imploring divine assistance against the evils of the air—the phantoms, storms and pestilences.

The bell, first washed with pure water, mixed with salt, was carefully dried with towels of spotless white. Then it was breathed upon to signify the expulsion of the devil, and annointed with oil to symbolize the gift of the holy spirit. Finally, the Thurible, filled with myrrh and incense, was placed beneath it, and as the fragrant smoke rose within, the priests sprinkled the bell thrice with holy water and named it "Ave Maria Santissima." The Bishop, the meanwhile, with outstretched hands, prayed: "May this bell be hallowed, Oh Lord, and consecrated in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Peace be to thee."

Ancient usage declared that Miguel was spiritually bound to the Angelus bell with bonds that neither time nor distance could break.

Years passed and the lad Miguel, who had sacrificed his all in boyhood, now grown to manhood, dons the brown garb of the Franciscans, and as Father Miguel Sanchez consecrated his life to perpetual sacrifice. With St. Francis, he believed that the chief aim in life was to help others, not by praying alone in a cell or doing penance but by "spending himself" in (the) helping; so when the call came for new-world missionaries it was only natural that he should be one of the first to beg for permission to devote himself to work amongst the Indians of America. His petition being granted, he sailed for Mexico, and from thence journeyed to San Diego, where he awaited orders from the Father Presidente who, in course of time, appointed him to San Gabriel.

With a Christian Indian as his only companion and guide, Father Miguel traveled over the trail blazed by the Padres who went before him—a long, slender thread stretching over the hills and zig-zagging down into the canyons beyond.

Towards the evening of the fourth day, after passing through the plains of San Gabriel, filled with great herds of cattle that fled swiftly at his coming, he neared the cultivated fields where hundreds of Indians were work-

ing. Even as he approached, the church bell tolled the hour for prayer, and all, wherever they happened to be, knelt upon the ground; the beasts of burden themselves stopping at the first sound of the bell.

"At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn;
In joy and woe, in good and ill,
Mother of God be with us still."

The bell ceases to ring, and all arise—all except Father Miguel, who still kneels, as if in a dream. Those clear sweet tones carry him back to long forgotten days, sweeping away in the rush of emotions all sense of present surroundings.

He rouses himself with an effort. Faintness from lack of food and the fatigues of the journey are to blame, he thinks. But nevertheless he hastens his steps, and on arriving at the bell tower mounts the ladder and eagerly scans the bell inscriptions.

AVE MARIA SANTISSIMA
Paula Ruelas
me fecit
1730

he reads, and man though he is, he weeps for joy. It is the meeting of a beloved friend, lost and found again.

In all the years that follow, no matter how hard the day's work nor how difficult or exacting the tasks that lay before him, never once did he miss ringing with his

own hands the Angelus for evening prayer. Even when the years took their toll and the strength from his arms, the task was as easy as in the days of his early manhood—the bell almost rang itself. And when at last, just before sunset, after only a few hours' illness, Father Miguel sank to his last sleep, legend asserts that the Ave Maria, in order to announce his departure, began to ring of its own accord. "Or was it only the bells in heaven which rang out a welcome to his pious soul upon its entrance into the company of angels?"

Mission San Gabriel, dedicated in 1771 to the Archangel who, in mediæval romance was known as the messenger of God who carried to heaven the prayers of men, was built in the usual Franciscan style—Spanish, flavored generously with Moorish, to which was added just a dash of early French and Romanic.

Grouped about a court or patio were the church, monastery, guardhouse and secular quarters, presenting a solid outer wall practically unscalable by the natives, and when the buildings were roofed with tile, safe even against fire-arrows, the favorite fighting weapon of the Indians. In San Gabriel, for a very considerable time, there proved to be a far greater need for protection against savage hordes than at most of the other missions, not because the Indians were uncommonly bad, but because the soldiers were distinctly worse. During

SAN GABRIEL MISSION NEAR LOS ANGELES

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the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Spain, driven by an overpowering lust for new and rich territory, always employed the church and her priests as the most inexpensive and handy weapon. But her main reliance was upon force, and the soldiery ever accompanied the Padre in his pioneer work. Usually these soldiers were the off-scourings of the army. Many were convicts. Altogether they were an idle, Godless crowd, who shunned work, and, as far as possible, church; towards both they had to be encouraged rather forcibly, just as the Irishman enticed the pig into the pen with a pitchfork—the Padres' pitchfork being the religious superstitions of the age. Here in San Gabriel, with no obligatory military duties to perform, the soldiers took to hunting as a pastime, an innocent enough amusement if their choice of game had not been so unfortunate; for it happened that many of the Indian women had husbands, in whom was aroused not only a pardonable skepticism about the virtues of this new religion, but a violent antagonism against those who preached it—a bitterness so actively displayed, that both priests and soldiers came miraculously near to losing their lives. The Book of Holy Traditions cites several miracles, which alone prevented an otherwise certain death. Once, when entirely surrounded by superior numbers and about to be massacred, one of the friars raised aloft and waved the banner upon which was a picture of the Blessed Virgin, when in a sudden

transition from hate to humility, the Indians knelt and made signs of submission. As a matter of fact, according to secular history, it took almost two years of patient, sacrificing labor, on the part of the padres, to wipe out the stain and regain the Indians' confidence.

The church and a small section of the monastery are the sole heirlooms left by these mission builders to the present generation. They make a long wall, of pinkish gray, crowned with tile of dullish red, buttressed at the church end by ten pillars, which relieve somewhat its fortress-like appearance. Between church and monastery, as part of the wall, is the beautiful campanile, a constant inspiration to painter and poet.

> "And every note of every bell
> Sang: 'Gabriel!' rang: 'Gabriel!'
> In the tower that is left the tale to tell
> Of Gabriel the Archangel."

What is left of the monastery serves as a museum, guarded by a shrewd lay-brother, who punches a cash register as you buy your admittance, with all the assurance of a side-showman. And, when a sufficiently large crowd of sightseers have assembled, he turns you over in a bunch to one of the guides, who sing-songs a few stories of the past, trots you through the church and sacristy, and turns you out upon the street. Not at all a holy mission atmosphere, but apparently a very lucra-

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THE STAIRWAY TO THE CHOIR, SAN GABRIEL MISSION

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tive performance, since the priests look well-fed, and the buildings are well-kept.

As the Mission San Gabriel is but a scant half hour's automobile run, and a pleasant one at that, from Los Angeles or Pasadena, it would always be included in the regular itinerary of a certain number of Southern California's winter idlers; but it actually is visited by many thousands, drawn primarily by the Mission Play, produced annually just opposite the church.

Practically all the roles in this play, just as at Oberammergau, are assigned to the local inhabitants, who by religion Catholics, and by race Spanish or Mexican, live in everyday life most of their "parts"; for the old customs still prevail and the old-time solemn processions winding through the quiet streets with lighted tapers, garlands of flowers and smoking incense, can still be seen.

The "beads" are still told and the prayers still sung in the old tongue, while even the English-taught school children always play in Spanish. It is a people that still blindly cling to the old belief that God created the world in Spanish, even though the truth is stretched when asserting "that the Tempter persuaded Eve in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French."

In the gardens, still belonging to San Gabriel Mission, are a remnant of the 150,000 vines, which were

once fenced in by a hedge of cactus, twelve feet high, as protection from the roaming cattle. It was at San Gabriel that the first vineyards of California were planted, and in prosperous years they yielded a good thousand barrels of wine and several hundred of brandy. Since July, 1919, sad to relate, all the product of these vines must be exported to the "heathen."

The padres have left on yellowed parchment, in beautifully engrossed handwriting, the history of San Gabriel from the time of its dedication. They tell of the good old days when the mission lands extended for miles in all directions—on the east as far as the very mountains. The cemetery and one small field is all that remains. It was the same sickening story of loot and plunder, under the guise of secularization, which was an excuse for human as well as material destruction; for most of the Mission Indians (children always, whatever their age) when left to themselves not only lapsed into the bestial habits of their former savage state, but fell an easy prey to all the white man's vices.

CHAPTER V

THE ROADWAY TO SAN FERNANDO WITH A SKETCH OF HER RISE AND FALL

MUCH of the thirty-two-mile road, connecting San Gabriel to San Fernando runs through cities or suburbs of cities, with a forced slackening of speed that makes the old Padre's ambling burro a fit competitor of the modern high-powered car. But even if this were not so it would be an artistic sacrilege to rush through this wealth of luxuriant trees, shrubs and flowers. All the way in and out of Pasadena (the crown of the valley) the smooth macadam is flanked by flower-embowered bungalows, over which rose-bushes clamber to the very roof-top, covering it with thousands of blossoms. One enthusiast claims that if only a pole long enough were available, Jack and his bean-stalk would be easily outdone by the humblest flowering plant of California, but let us try and be truthful and say that an accurate description of this Pasadena seems to belie its wide reputation as the ideal health resort of the world—"where you freeze in the morning and thaw out at noon; where strawberries and

fur coats are in evidence at the same time, while open fires and open windows are the daily procedure." But after all, does not the joy of living rest in life's contrasts?

Not far away is Nuestra Senora Reina de los Angeles —a beautiful and most befitting name during the early days of that city's existence, when every tongue wagged in slow stately Spanish. Perhaps no more fitting than the present day title of "Los" for this Mecca of the middle west and the middle classes. It is a city that prides herself, first and last, on her material progress and modern methods, hiding away on the shelf of oblivion, just as years ago we atticed the furniture of our forefathers, every one of the charming customs and manners of bygone days. Hardly fifty years ago strangers visiting this Spanish settlement would be awakened by a hymn sung to the morning star—every household taking part. Such a thing is impossible, they say, to-day, people are too self-conscious. Yet the custom survives in more rural Pasadena, where, each Christmas and Easter, choristers parade the streets and remind a sadly indifferent world of the birth and resurrection of Christ.

Over Sunset boulevard is the way into Hollywood, so named in remembrance of a mass to the holy wood of the cross celebrated by Father Junipero Serra, near what is now the center of the town. All forgotten these days, of course. The town is now the home and center of moving pictures, with a reputation suggestively revealed in the

SAN FERNANDO MISSION, SHOWING THE GIANT PALMS.

current epigram: Are you married or do you live in Hollywood?

Near the center of the city turn to the right and over Cahuenga pass, known as the setting of Cahuenga battle and the stage for the final negotiations between Colonel Fremont and General Pico. From there continue to Sherman Way, through the clean modern towns of Lankershim and Van Nuys, towards the low-lying hills that lose themselves in dim perspective In the distance rise two "picture palms" over a hundred feet high and in age, years over a hundred.

These are the outposts of the Mission San Fernando.

SAN FERNANDO

The last of the California Franciscans, Fray *Tomaso Estenago, was a most worthy son and follower of the holy St. Francis, living to the very end in accordance with the highest ideals and traditions of that self-sacrificing brotherhood.

Born in gloomy old Toledo, in one of those crumbling palaces imprisoned just behind the ancient bastion, near the gateway of Puerto del Sol, where the streets are so narrow that the wheel hubs of passing vehicles scrape the walls, he passed all of his younger days in the midst of its mediæval surroundings. The palace's iron-banded doors, studded with enormous nails, suggested the entrance way

*"Fray" is Spanish for the Latin "Frater," indicating a religious brotherhood.

to mystery, while the dim court-yards beyond seemed suitable for any sort of crime and it was entirely the promptings of this environment that led him to dedicate himself to a vendetta of vengeance on the death of his only and well-beloved brother, killed in a quarrel. For days and nights, seeking his feud enemy, he wandered through the labyrinth of Toledo's streets; tirelessly persisting in his almost hopeless task, until late one evening at a crossway where several alleys run in opposite directions, he came upon the murderer, alone and unarmed, hiding in the shadow of a portico. As he unsheathed his stiletto, ready to strike, the man fell on his knees and stretching out his arms in the form of a cross, implored Tomaso, by the mercy of Christ to spare his life. In a vision Tomaso saw the drama of the crucifixion and plainly heard the voice of Jesus saying, in answer to the thief who, fastened to the cross beside him, was begging for mercy: "Thou art forgiven, verily thou shalt be with me in Paradise." With the simple-minded belief of the times Tomaso accepted this as a sign and embraced his enemy. Together they entered the church of Santa Maria La Blanca, and prostrated themselves before the crucifix. The one sobbing out his thanks for having been saved from crime; the other penitently imploring forgiveness for the crime committed. As they prayed they both seemed to see the figure of Christ bow his head in token of the remission of sins—and peace entered their souls.

After this, life completely changed for Tomaso, and his old world saw him no more. Almost immediately he made his profession as a novitiate in the Franciscan convent. Being of noble birth and highly educated for the age in which he lived, his progress was exceedingly rapid and in a very few years Rome offered him every preferment, but his youthful experience had enflamed him with the burning desire to convert sinners and no gift within the power of the church could turn him from this purpose. Caught in the current of missionary fervor at that time sweeping over Spain, he was carried to far-away California and to the Mission of San Fernando.

Father Tomaso Estenaga was alone and for the nonce, in spite of wonderful courage and steadfast faith, his thoughts seemed weighted with a grief impossibly heavy! The austere adobe cell in which he sat was little calculated to bring solace to either body or mind, and as he glanced about it a smile flickered across his gentle face, when he remembered the recent tirade of the Father Presidente against too luxurious living and the demand for a strict adherence to the Franciscan rule of absolute poverty. Except for the crucifix standing in one corner, in front of which the tile flooring was worn by many hours' devotion, there was only a four-legged rough-hewn wooden frame, covered with rawhide, that served as a bed, one chair and a rude bench-table. The single window, opening out onto the long shaded corridor, was heavily grilled

with iron, keeping the room for most of the day in semi-darkness. Subconsciously he contrasted these surroundings with the splendors of his old Toledo palace-home, but even as he did so the setting sun, now in line with the window, cast a halo of light about the figure stretched in agony upon the cross, which seemed to say "I saved others, myself I would not save." "*Mea maxima culpa,*" murmured the priest, "how wonderful to be able to pay to God that which one has vowed to God," and with a lightened heart he took from the table in front of him the document, which had caused his former melancholy.

The backwash from the sea of revolt, started in Mexico by the creole priest Miguel Hidalgo in 1810, had long since swept over the Missions of California. The French revolution and the Napoleonic wars having drawn Spain into the "whirlwind of red terror," Carlos IV was forced to abdicate in favor of Ferdinand VII and he in turn was driven out by Joseph Bonaparte, so Spain had no time to think of what might be happening across the Atlantic, and being able to spare neither troops nor money her colonies must shift for themselves.

California found herself obliged to apply to the missions for relief. At first with apologies and an outward show of deference, later emboldened by the ease with which supplies were obtained, the Governor requisitioned huge amounts, giving in return drafts on bankrupt

THE CORRIDOR OF SAN FERNANDO MONASTERY

Mexico, apparently on the theory that the missions were like "cows that could be milked without feeding."

"Only Thursday to-day," thinks Father Estenaga, "and it is the second time this week that I have received such peremptory demands." Once again he reads the order.

How am I to keep on meeting these increasing exactions? Can it be that my first duty is to my king rather than to my religious charges? But in his heart he knew well that that question had been answered centuries ago, for the Church, while the mouthpiece of God, was ever in subjection to royalty, and the official representative of the Spanish king must be obeyed.

For nearly a year now, because of lack of funds, Father Estenaga had been obliged to deprive the Indians of those weekly rewards so dear to their childish hearts. No longer, after each Sunday mass, were to be seen those happy processions, headed by the mission orchestra, wending their way, with song and music, to the convento door where he stood waiting to distribute to one a handkerchief, to another a dress, here a bright trinket, there a bit of money, with an encouraging and happy word to each and a final benediction to all. And there was no use to deceive himself, he must keep on giving so long as there was left anything that would content the insatiable demands of the officials and the indolent troops.

Months later, Iturbide, Mexico's first emperor, was

forced to abdicate, and the succeeding republic showed even less affection for religion than had the Empire, issuing a proclamation that all Indians desiring to leave the missions might do so. In furtherance of this proclamation, Don Miguel Alvardo went to the Mission San Fernando, and ordered Father Estenaga to assemble all the Indians. Half naked and barefoot they gathered about the Plaza, gazing in sullen silence at the soldiers who had robbed them of the clothes and shoes that rightfully belonged to them. In bombastic style Don Alvarado, harangued the neophytes, urging with all eloquence that they should free themselves from priestly shackles. Henceforth, he acclaimed, your trials will be over; no tyrannical priest can compel you to work, you will be citizens of a free and glorious republic with none to molest or punish. And then he called upon all who wished to enjoy these blessings of freedom to step to the right, while those content to remain under the hideous bondage of the Padres should keep to the left.

If Father Estenaga ever craved a recompensing reward for his long sacrificing and tender paternal care, he received it then and there to a hundred times a hundred. Of all that throng of unfortunate, overworked, poverty-stricken Indians just nineteen sneaked to the right and they shamefacedly soon crept back to their companions, drawn up in solid ranks on the left.

But the government had only fired the opening gun:

tax upon tax was imposed, forced loans were made, cattle were killed without even the mere form of consent of their owners. Immense tracts of land belonging to the missions, ever since their foundation, were granted to favorites and then as if drunk with the wine of their own excesses, the assembly forced through a decree legalizing the seizure of everything except the churches themselves and one room for the resident priest. Most of the majordomos placed in charge by the government were incompetent or stupid, allowing the property to drift to ruin; some were thoroughly dishonest, ready to sell anything—livestock, kitchen utensils, farm implements, tools from the shops, tiles from the roofs—anything with which to feather their own nests.

Through it all Father Estenaga clung to his post, watching with breaking heart his spiritual flock dwindle day by day, as the buildings that once housed them were one by one wrecked and pillaged beyond repair, while the once vast herds, that fed them, disappeared over night. He refused to leave even when the ruin was so complete that it was with the utmost difficulty that he and a handful of faithful loving Indians could scrape together food enough for their barest needs.

Each day as of old, though the church was in ruins and the altar stripped of its glory, he recited mass, ever hoping that the good God would turn the hearts of their persecutors. But day by day this little band grew poorer and

poorer, forced at last to subsist on roots and wild berries, while Father Estenaga, secretly denied himself of even this scant fare so that his loyal followers might have the more. One morning at the Kyrie of the mass he was seen to totter. Rushing to him, the Indians heard a faint *Domine ecce ad sum*—(God, I am here), and he fell back dead—of starvation.

A pretty legend tells of a flock of swallows that just then, entering through the broken roof, alighted about his fallen body, twittering "svalo," "svalo" (hence their name), meaning "consolation; I bring consolation."

San Fernando, Rey de Espagna, to give the mission its full title, was named after a Spanish King, Ferdinand, who was canonized, so far as the records seem to relate, on account of the exceeding peace and happiness of his home life, to be for all posterity a brilliant example. The chronicle goes on to explain that he was much under the influence of his mother who lived with him after his marriage. Whether the "peace and happiness" was in spite of this or because of this the records fail to state; presumably the former, for otherwise the mother would have been canonized and not the son.

At any rate, the day good Father Crespi reached that broad fertile valley lying in the shadow of Sierra Madre—a valley that his earthly self recognized as the ideal home for his religious brethren—he fumbled a well-worn parch-

ment calendar and discovered the day to be St. Ferdinand's day, and so, according to usage, the mission became San Fernando.

This was in September, in the year 1797, but for some reason, apparently not of record, the first chapel built of adobe was not blessed until 1806, and not until 1818 was the large church (the present structure) ready for use. This was also built entirely of adobe which in part explains the forlorn, tumble-down ruin of to-day. The mission, religiously, followed along the same path as did all its fellows, converting its full share of savages, and bringing under its peaceful sway all the wild men and the wild lands for miles around. But in this respect it was no more notable than many of the other missions. San Fernando's real fame rests rather on material associations, for gold was first discovered there and discovered by one of her own Mission Indians who, while hunting for straying cattle, stopped to rest in the canyon San Felice just as the Sun reached its zenith. Lying at full length under the shade of a big oak tree he happened to espy a cluster of wild onions, of which he was inordinately fond, and lazily stretching out his arm with sheath knife in hand he began to dig about their roots. Up came the onions—and a nugget of gold. The Padres endeavored to keep the secret—not that they so much wanted the gold, but they did not want the rough characters the news would surely bring. But all in vain. Hundreds flocked to the canyon and have left their imprints in such local names as

"Swell-head Diggings," "Shirt-tail Canyon" and "Hell's Hollow."

American military history has also marked this mission with her own stamp of fame, for here was fought the deciding conflict when California rose to drive out the Mexicans, and here in later years General Fremont and his troops were quartered until the signing of the Cahuenga treaty, which closed all hostilities against the United States. The casual visitor of to-day finds only a rickety, crumbling church and, where the buildings once connected church to convents, a shapeless mass of adobe, the earthen bricks washed by torrential rains back to the ground from which they sprung—"dust to dust." The convento proper, thanks to a rich Mexican archbishop, who was driven from his own country by Carranza at the time of the expulsion of the religious orders, settled in the Fernando Valley, has been propped and shored into a semblance of its former self. But the local painter and local carpenter have done their best to disguise this blessing. The original grill-work of wrought iron, to be sure, still covers the windows and the old red tile still brightens the roof, but the rich brown age-colored arches and pillars are now daubed with a plaster of staring white and the quaint irregular monastic rooms within have been hammered into straight and tenement form.

If only those rooms could talk, what tales they have to tell!

CHAPTER VI

TO SAN BUENAVENTURA AND THE STRANGE TALE OF THE FOUR CATS

If still inclined to literally trail the historic footsteps of the old Padres, a few miles of the highway already traveled must be retraced—back through Van Nuys to Sherman Way—then on to El Camino Real de San Buenaventura; another sonorous mouthful of a name, compressed by modern impatient lips into Ventura Road. Close alongside the Santa Monica Mountains it runs, mostly level and straight-away, for the "Master Builder" has fashioned these mountains with a nearly unbroken front, only twice stretching out a rocky arm, over which the road finds its way without effort.

The summit of Conejo Pass, the higher of the two, fails to give the promised "unrivalled view." California always appears to be envious of praise bestowed on beauties elsewhere and tries to enhance the charms of her own wonderful gifts of nature by extravagant exaggeration, whose children are inevitably Disappointment and Disenchantment. Here one is on the edge of a mountain wall encircling one of the sweetest and most fertile valleys

in California—the one Sydney Smith must have had in mind when he wrote: "Tickle her with a hoe and she will laugh with a harvest." At your feet far below unrolls a wonderous panorama, a series of views that carries the eye almost to Ventura—quite colorful enough without the too highly colored description "unrivalled." A four-mile descent of easy loops offers not the slightest difficulty, though a few years back an illogical county law pronounced it dangerous and four miles an hour the extreme of speed.

But once on the level you rapidly approach Camarillo, the site of a one-time rancheria, belonging to the pioneer Spanish family of that name, whose descendants still own thousands of neighboring acres—all devoted to beans, with a crop so valuable (and properly so when one remembers that beans is derived from the French "biens" —property, money), that they have just erected a slightly mission-like church in thank offering for this splendid material prosperity. It is explained by some writer that the enormous bean profit in California is due to the beans requiring little labor—no poling as in the East; for succumbing to the dreamy atmosphere they show no desire to climb but just lie lazily along the ground.

Largely to prove an independence of spirit, the next town, El Rio, openly scorns beans, swearing allegiance to beets, and they'll show you, if you are interested, seven beets that weight five hundred pounds! But once

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THE MISSION OF SAN BUENAVENTURA

across the Santa Clara River such gross materialism is left behind and you behold the land of romanticism—Montavalo—honoring the Spanish author in whose novel the name "California" first appears.

And his imagination is so Californian!

"Be it known unto you that at the right hand of the Indies is an island formed of the *largest rocks known* and called California. It is very near *Terrestrial Paradise.* This island is inhabited by dark women of great strength and great, warm hearts. They have many ships in which they make excursions to other countries where they catch men whom they carry away and subsequently kill. When children are born only the females are preserved. There are many griffins on the island which the women bring up with such skill that they do them no harm, but attack any man reckless enough to enter the island. The griffins generally eat the man, but when their appetite is sated they fly into the air with them, letting them fall from great heights, killing them instantly!"

By the time one has finished reading this naive description of "women with great warm hearts" you find yourself in front of the Mission San Buenaventura, seventy-one miles from Los Angeles.

SAN BUENAVENTURA

Padre Francisco Uria rose hastily from beside the rude leather cot where, immediately after administering

extreme unction, he had knelt in contrite prayer. In his first rebellion at what seemed God's desertion he had altogether forgotten that it was his bounden duty, having watched the last breath of a dying brother, to toll the bell, hanging just outside the chapel door, that the angels might know another spirit was on its way, and made ready for the home-coming.

Ave Regina Coelorum!

The sad notes echoed and re-echoed through the silent corridors. Each solemn stroke brought forth from within the heart of Father Uria an answering chord of loneliness, as more fully and vividly than ever before he realized that his brother Franciscan, who had labored with him side by side for eleven long years, had now left him to labor alone, with no companion other than the brutish, ignorant savage.

But one of these self-same ignorant, brutish neophytes revealed a discerning sympathy seldom to be found amidst so-called higher civilization. Instinctively that faithful old Indian servant appreciated that his master was now without companionship; without the "good company and good discourse that are the very sinews of virtue"; without the quiet enduring affection of friendship—and slowly there formed in that primitive mind, versed in the wisdom of the woods and the wilderness, a plan to bring consolation.

At dusk he stole outside the adobe church walls,

down through the cornfields that lay between the Mission and the sea, as amongst the high-tasseled maize, showing brown and green above his head, he would soon be lost to view. Concealed in the rough of the grain, where it had crept so close to the surf that every flood-tide watered its roots, he found his boat just as he had left it the morning before. Silently shoving into the breakers, he paddled out to the Spanish vessel moored within hailing distance and no sooner alongside than he disappeared into the shadows of the forward hatchway, only to as quickly reappear, clutching beneath his serape the stolen treasure for which he had come.

Back again through the cornfields and up to the barred windows of his master's sleeping room without discovery. Peeping within and finding to his joy that it was still empty, he hurriedly slipped through the gate and along the corridor until he reached the Padre's door, which he stealthily opened; then emptying the contents of his basket on the bed, he vanished into the darkness.

On the bed lay four little kittens!

This savage knew that when men went into the wilderness and loneliness they cherished a cat more than any other living creature, and so intimate became the two that almost human friendship and affection sprang up between them. And so it was with Father Uria. When, a few moments later, entering his desolate room, and discovering four little strangers in possession of his bed,

he found that it was impossible to resist the appeal of these God-sent "fuzzy lumps of playfulness" and took them to his heart once and for all.

As a conscientious priest, he at once baptized them; naming the tawny-orange two, descendants of Egypt, after his favorite saints—Maria de la Concepion and de los Dolores—Concha and Lola; the third, sandy and short-haired, in honor of Saint Joseph—Pepito; and then, being above all a true Franciscan, he called the fourth, Frasquito. Upon him, dressed in aristocratic suit of tortoise-shell he lavished the greatest affection, though all were admitted to the same intimacy. To see one was to see five—four cats and a man. All five ate together, walked together and snoozed together. But the first to awake was always Frasquito, and in proof of the truth of the Chinese legend that cats are living clocks, he awoke every morning at just five forty-five, never varying a single minute. Immediately he would jump up on the bed, crawl to the pillow and gaze steadfastly into the face of the Padre. If that failed to awaken him a gentle poke in the cheek with the most velvety of paws was sure to do so. At once with tender touch, electric with sympathy, the Padre would stroke Frasquito, thus answering the questioning in those luminous yellow eyes.

Father Uria always contended that the gift of speech had not been denied these companions of his, but rather that the defect lay within himself, in not altogether under-

standing their language. There could be no doubt, he claimed, but that they talked and reasoned with one another, apparently actuated by human thoughts and impulses. Finally he came to believe that they were able to understand him and in his hours of leisure he conversed with them upon every conceivable subject, though principally instructing them in the mysteries of religion; carefully defining the difference between right and wrong, just as he would do with his often less intelligent Indian pupils. If their talk in the late afternoon was interrupted by the Angelus, all five would kneel down at their hassocks, Concha, Lola, Pepito and Frasquito remaining with devoutly clasped paws until the master arose from his prayers.

So all the greater was the shock when the knowledge was forced upon him that environment and priestly teaching were not as influential as original sin. Quiet, orderly Concha began to exhibit a desire to roam, making it clear that she was weary of having to account for all her days and being locked up at night. Finally she disappeared altogether until one sad Sunday morning Padre Uria found her a picture of innocent contentment, beaming in rapture on six newly-born infants at her breast. It was scandalous, if natural, and the Padre hastened to remove this "harvest of shame," comforting himself with the thought that like all kinds of people, there are all kinds of cats, worthy and unworthy.

Though always to be seen with Concha, Lola, Pepito and Frasquito the good Padre was by no means absolutely cut off from human white companionship. Travelers were not infrequent on El Camino Real which began at San Diego and ended at Sonoma, and as it was without inns or taverns, wanderers along this road, whatever their nation or creed, always made the missions their stopping place and for the Padres a multitude of friends.

Padre Uria came forth once to meet a traveler down this road; stretching out his hand in greeting. As soon as dismounted, a drink of aguardiente was offered him, immediately followed by the usual queries dictated by Spanish etiquette: the stranger's name, his occupation and the object of his travel; the Padre the meanwhile giving all the facts about himself, in which the stranger might be interested.

Then with a hearty "Gusta Usted comer con migo," he was escorted into the Refectory, where the evening meal was promptly spread.

Just as they were ready to be seated, the door flew open and in trooped Concha, Lola, Pepito and Frasquito —Frasquito having sprung to the catch, where his weight bearing down on the thumb-piece allowed the door to open. Each went to his or her own particular place, patiently waiting to be served; for the Padre had taught them that to snatch food was gluttinous and as one of the seven deadly sins—forbidden.

During the long talk that ensued, Frasquito and the others seems all attention, apparently absorbing every word. Each time Father Uria would turn, asking if they understood, their eyes would half close and their small pink mouths open, showing little white teeth in a genuine smile of appreciation.

Years rolled by and the time finally came for Father Uria to lay down his burden. Gathered about him were the faithful four. According to competent witnesses, as soon as the Padre breathed his last, Frasquito, the Padre's favorite, stalked out into the corridor, up to the chapel where hung the bell of mourning, when leaping to the rope he swung himself backward and forward, tolling out to the angels the advent of another spirit, as was the custom with the Franciscans, after whom he had been baptized.

Giovanni de Fidenza, born in 1221, was a celebrated writer and teacher of mystic theology. So great an authority in so abstruse and remote a subject should by rights have been tall, spare and austere. Not so Giovanni, who was short, round and rosy, with so cheery a personality that Saint Francis, meeting him on the street by chance, exclaimed "O Buona Ventura!" As Buenaventura he became one of the great saints in the seraphic family of St. Francis, all of whom according to mystic theology are six winged angels, continuously in the presence of God and praising him. He also became patron

of this mission. A bit of nepotism (don't you think?) to draw from this one seraphic family all the patron saints of California! Long before the original expedition even started, the Governor General and Father Serra decreed that the third mission should have the name of San Buenaventura, and be situated half-way between one in the port of San Diego and one in that of Monterey, selecting approximately the present sites from a map drawn by Viscaino, on one of his earlier voyages. The Governor General, so the records relate, was particularly interested in the Mission Buenaventura, personally superintending the packing of all its goods, among which the records show were red pepper, garlic and "burn-the-intestines spices," foreshadowing, it must be, that this mission was to have the reputation of caring better for the inner man than any other mission on the coast. But as always, God disposes where man proposes, and instead of being the third it was the ninth foundation, the last to be founded by Serra before his death. It was not until March 31, 1782, that the venerable Father Presidente blessed and took possession of the ground, raising on the highest hill in the neighborhood a rough-hewn cross which was to serve a two-fold purpose: to be a guide for the souls of the faithful as well as for the ships, bringing supplies to the mission. When the ravages of time made it necessary, other crosses were raised on the same hill, in the same spot, where you'll find one to-day.

To build a church of stone and brick, with walls six feet thick, when there were only two priests who had any knowledge of construction, and they were obliged to instruct the Indian workers in every branch of manual labor, seems an impossibility, but there the church stands to-day in proof that all things are possible. To decorate the interior a beautiful high altar was brought from Mexico; pictures were shipped from Peru, and from Spain came an exquisitely carved pulpit which the hand of mistaken progress has now swept away. The gardens within the huge quadrangle then surrounding the greater part of the present town were visions of wealth and beauty, and wealth seems the only word to apply when one garden produces apples, peaches, pears, plums, oranges, figs, pomegranates, grapes, cocoanuts, sugar-cane and bananas. Perhaps the Padres didn't have such a hard time after all! By 1800 San Buenaventura had the largest crops of any of the missions, but it suffered with the rest, and suffered in the same old way—practical annihilation of a life that was never to be again. During the "deadly conflicts" of 1838 Carrillos forces were entrenched within the mission. Cannonading lasted two long days and one man and a mule were killed. The valor of the besieged was kept up only by mission wine and gave out when the wine gave out. In 1845 it became a regular Parish church and was renovated out of all historic association to make way for the spirit of smug modernity. Of course, the

materialists argue that to the sentimentalist "even dust becomes a golden cloud when seen through memory's eyes, and things crude and common are glorified by the hand of time and become sweet and dear through the lapse of years."

CHAPTER VII

THE HIGHWAY CALLED RINCON AND THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS OF SANTA BARBARA

SEASCAPE, not landscape, beautifies the thirty-two-mile drive between Mission San Buenaventura and Mission Santa Barbara—one of the dozen famous sea-drives of California.

Between thickets of shrub and under branches of live oak, along the bank bordering the ocean, once lay an Indian trail over which would slip sheets of quarreling foam, erasing all trace of the original path. Now, skirting the sea, is a macadam boulevard, venturesome enough to thrust its way, supported on wooden piles, right over the ocean itself, where the noisy breakers, tumbling on the beach beneath, deaden the pulsations of your motor. It is called Rincon, which Spaniards tell us means "inside corner," having an advantage over all other roads, just like the "inside track" on a race course, and as far as sea scenery goes, it quite justifies the name.

The official starting point of this road is, as in all

country towns, the Post Office—the site of the original postal service, established in 1861, when the genial postmaster, upon the arrival of mail (then not very heavy) would safely tuck it away in the spacious crown of his sombrero and begin a round of friendly calls upon those for whom he had letters. Always welcome and known to everyone, the letters of course were read to him, and by the end of his jaunt he acquired a splendid budget of gossip which later he could tittle-tattle from house to house.

From the post office the Rincon runs alongside the old mission orchards, where once were three hundred olive trees, parents to all California olives. It then crosses the flats of the Ventura River, which Cabrillo called El Pueblo de las Canoas—the Village of Canoes—because of the large number of canoes always moored there. They were made of pine boards tied together and plastered with asphaltum taken from the very pits that later made Ventura the pioneer in oil production.

For almost twenty miles you drive to an accompaniment of "the hammer of the surf." Dotting the beach are little shanties between which stretch strings of chillies, telling the nationality of their owners. The purity of the atmosphere is so wonderful that two miles never look more than a quarter of one—and this, please understand, is not the assertion of some Californian who is always "an enthusiast" with a predisposition to stretch

the truth, but that of an honest saunterer. Then, to quote Cobb, if you are as lucky as the writer, across the blue sky will be drifting a hundred fleecy clouds, one behind the other, like wooly white sheep grazing in the meadows of the firmament.

Carpentaria, the first town of size, and so called by the Spanish explorers from a sort of carpenter shop where the Indians were to be seen building canoes, is noted for its once famous grapevine, now dead. It is described as having been the largest in the world, its trunk measuring ten feet in girth, one bunch of grapes weighing twelve pounds, with a total crop from the one vine of fourteen tons. Being dead, there is no possible way of disproving this, so why not accept it smilingly?

Five miles beyond is Summerland, vulgarized into "Smellyland," the city of petroleum, where derricks, not content to remain on shore, wander far out to sea, pumping the oil from beneath the ocean bottom.

Then our road runs through aristocratic Montecito into the town of Santa Barbara, where two miles back from the water's edge, on the foothills of the Santa Ines Mountains, stands the Mission.

SANTA BARBARA

Painfully, Father Gonzales straightens up from the flower bed over which he had been bending for hours, and hobbles down to the unshaded corner of the court,

where the rays of the blazing sun are far from inviting too long companionship, but where there hangs against the church wall a cross-shaped dial with the inscription "My time is in Thy hands, O God."

A very, very old man is Father Gonzales, feeble and bent with work. For nearly fifty years he has labored in the mission garden and been in sole charge there—every Franciscan has to choose some particular life work. To-day, more than ever, "touched by the frost of age," he longs for the signal that his day's work is done, and even as he seeks at the dial for the mark of the sun's shadow, the chimes ring out from the twin towers above, telling the little world without that the time has come for rest and for raising its heart to heaven.

Soon Father Gonzales is seated somewhat towards the sunny end of a wooden bench, alongside an ancient crony with whom he begins to reminisce about the past—recalling a life of long ago from which Time has faded all the harsher lines and darker shadows. Around and around the cloisters whose many arches are outlined by climbing roses or tumbling clematis, silently glide the younger Padres, missal and rosary in hand, a white cord about their waists, showing sharply against the brown garb, vividly proclaiming that the bodies are held in subjection to the spirit. Still others wander along familiar paths hidden behind adobe walls where clambering flowers

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"spill their musky odor." And the musical drip of the fountain is the only sound to be heard.

It is a home of peace, well beyond tne confines of the busy, weary world. An understanding solitude for whomsoever comes to seek its quiet. Hardly a mood known to man for which this garden has not some solace or inspiration, though its full secret may not be known except to the chosen. Little wonder that, since Mother Eve through her fatal curiosity brought the curse of expulsion from Eden, the Franciscans do not subject other women to similar temptation by allowing them to enter. By Papal authority the garden is forever barred.

For fifty years no hand but that of Father Gonzales had nurtured and cherished the "thousand blossoms" in this garden of soul-rest. Foreign cacti of curious shapes and odd formation are bed-fellows with gentle stay-at-home Candy-tufts, Bachelor Buttons, Snapdragons, Larkspurs, Marigolds and Poppies. Palms whose soft plumes wave gently with every breath of wind, permitting Aeolus to pick celestial music from the strings of their undulating branches, raise their heads amidst lilies, hyacinths, narcissus and anemones. Travelling ferns whose every leaf bears "an autograph of God" wander at will, for the sake of the roots upon which John the Baptist was said to have lived during his journey in the wilderness. Pushing vines penetrate the cracks and crevices produced

by the summer-time warping in the adobe walls. All combining to form a garden of spiritual repose, of stillness, peace, refreshment and delight.

The plants and flowers, to be sure, grew and blossomed lavishly, but not without coaxing care and constant protection from the sun's rays and frosts of the nights; for plants and flowers must be loved and cared for each day, even though all cannot be loved with equal warmth. While it is possible to have a wholesome liking for some, a deep esteem for others, there are always, as Swinburne puts it, "unresponsive flower souls."

This constant care, this charm of daily companionship, the singing of the birds, the whizz of the hummers in their retreat beneath the honeysuckle, all conduced to a thoughtful and tender disposition, carrying in its wake a deep sympathetic insight into all the mysteries of plant-life until at last Father Gonzales attained the power of visualizing human faces, filled with the sweetness of remembrance, that the love-trained eye does find in pansies, and was able to hear the soft whispers of the tiny folk that live in flower cups. He even grew to know the appointed moment when the hare-bell swaying on its stalk, rings out its joyful message and the exact hour when the rose opens its crimson beauty to peep for the first time into a new world. He became as the Persians of yore, who gather before a flower in blossom, spread their rugs and pray before it.

If ever man caught the soul of flowers it was Father Gonzales.

But the time came as it must come to all, when his garden knew him no more. Advancing across the court was seen the Father Superior, arrayed in priestly robes, with the burse containing the golden pyx hanging upon his breast, within the pyx the holy Eucharist. He stops at the largest room facing the inner court—the room of Father Gonzales. Entering, he incenses in the form of a cross his dying friend, saying: "*Ecce angus Dei.*" After confessing him, and with the holy Eucharist preparing him for passage to eternal glory and happiness, he administers extreme unction, the sacrament for the five senses—the eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth and hands; for the struggle to be maintained with the devil is now more formidable than ever, and a special endowment of heaven-sent grace is necessary for final victory. As the soul of Father Gonzales leaves its mortal home, the Father Superior recites: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend thy spirit. Mother of Mercy do thou protect him from the enemy, and receive him at the hour of his death." Dressed in full ecclesiastical costume, he is borne to the church where he is placed, head to the altar, facing his people. Then is intoned the beautiful "Come to his assistance ye Saints of the God; Come to meet him ye Angels of the Lord."

By special dispensation, the body is not taken to the

vault where the Franciscan dead are generally placed, lengthwise like books in a library, but out into the beautiful garden amidst a group of Madonna lilies. With lighted candles in hand, emblematic of the Children of Light, the Fathers make the rounds of the coffin, asking the holy angels to receive and bear him heavenward.

As the body is lowered into the ground and "In Paradisum" is chanted, every flower within the garden, bending on its stalk, bows its head in sorrow for the beloved comrade lost to them for evermore. And tradition asserts that the following morning still found the flowers in that same attitude of mourning.

Myth, legend and superstition are so woven into the warp of early secular history that to disentangle the threads of actual truth is ordinarily difficult, if not impossible. The chronicler of "The Spanish Voyagers" asserts that Viscaino never realy landed at Santa Barbara, but was frightened away. No sooner had he cast anchor in the outer harbor, than friendly Indians came out in their canoes, bidding him welcome, and when they discovered that none of the sailors had brought wives, they immediately offered, as proof of their good intentions and native hospitality, five Indian women for each sailor, and for Viscaino ten! Now, whether this was not a sufficient inducement, or whether it was a

case of conscience, the chronicler sayeth not—merely adding: "Viscaino at once sailed away!"

In seeming contradiction, the diary of the devout priest who compiled maps of the Viscaino exploration and was entrusted with the duty of naming all localities, tells of their entrance into the "channel," on December 4, 1603, the Feast Day of Santa Barbara, and, as always, being moved by religious sentiment to dedicate each place with the name of the saint whose festival occurred on the day of discovery, he headed his description of this site with the name "Santa Barbara." Though no direct reference is made to an actual landing, there follows a description impossible from long range.

Sacred history of these times, however, thanks to the unity of the Church, is never at variance, and all accounts of the sainted Barbara agree to the most minute detail. She was born in Asia, early in the Third Century, endowed with extraordinary beauty and gifted with surprising intelligence. Her father was a most obstinate idolater, but extremely fond of his only child, and wishing to retain all her affections, resolved to separate her from intercourse with society. To this end he fitted up apartments in a very high tower, where he placed her with a number of servants, and gave her as instructors a few old men of great wisdom. From one she heard of a Christian teacher who was considered the most learned

of his age, and finding means to communicate with him, was instructed in the mysteries of the faith, embraced Christianity and was baptized. She was then verging on her nineteenth year, and her father resolved that she should leave the tower and mix in society, in the hopes of winning her from her sacrilegious ideas. On entering her home she found it filled with pagan idols. Full of indignation, she asked the good of these ridiculous puppets. "Is it possible that a man of your education can call these works of man gods? No, my dear father, there is only one God." Dio, her father, enraged, gave her up to be persecuted as a Christian, but the judge, finding she could not be induced to change her belief, ordered her beheaded, and her father, as a propitiation to his gods, asked to be her executioner. As he entered the prison door he was struck by a flash of fire from heaven. Barbara nevertheless soon died a martyr to her faith, at the hands of another.

At the Church of All Saints, in Rome, you may still be shown the head of Saint Barbara, and if not too miserly you will be told the story of her executioner; how he demanded as payment the privilege to look upon the extraordinary beauty of her body. But as he was unwinding the last covering, a thick cloud enveloped her, hiding her from sight, and when it faded away, the man was found dead beside her bier.

Most fittingly, December 4th—the Feast Day of

Santa Barbara—was chosen for the foundation of the Mission. This was in 1786—one hundred and eighty-three years after its discovery by Viscaino. In good time a beautiful church and a long square of low buildings, with arched corridors arose on the heights back of the town, facing the sea, so that the morning's first rays would flash full upon the facade, while at even-time they would linger late on the western walls—a heavenly benediction.

The Indians, as Viscaino had earlier discovered, were extremely friendly and gathered about the mission in great numbers, accepting the teaching of the Padres—in such numbers that it became necessary to enlarge the church in 1793, which, damaged in *el ano temblore*, was rebuilt during 1815—just as it stands to-day. The same general plan of construction was followed as at all the other missions, the only distinctive feature being the twin towers—not found elsewhere. Here the living rooms of the Padres all face the inner garden, closing it to womankind, though some years ago two of them, by invoking the mediæval Spanish law which declared no law was valid for those of royal blood, did gain admittance and satisfied their vanity. In front of the mission the ancient fountain continues to spout forth its refreshing stream, though its once delicate tracery has almost disappeared, rubbed away by the constant friction of the water line. Just below is the old stone washing tank

that became the "Exchange Place" of gossip, bandied to and from between the rubbing and scrubbing of washing day.

The little cemetery, according to the records, contains thousands of graves dug one on top of the other, all happily covered to-day by a charitable blanket of roses and trailing vines, though marring the picture is a crumbling vault still in use, where the dead Padres are placed like books on a shelf, with niches already prepared, even to the name and inscription, for the living. There you can read the continued story of a devoted band which never surrendered. Secularization they refused to accept; expelled, they refused to obey. Alone, of all the California missionaries, they clung to their post. With tonsured head, sandaled and girdled, they still live as they lived of old, and with a beautiful faith they keep tolling the Angelus, hoping for the day when the busy world will stop and raise its heart to God.

CHAPTER VIII

TELLING OF THE JOURNEY TO SANTA INES AND WHAT ONE FINDS THERE

ONE of August's scorching winds sweeps the city—Nature's house-cleaning, and, like other house-cleanings, somewhat disagreeable in the process. But the sparkling atmosphere, unclouded sky and brilliant sun dispose the ordinarily healthy man—and woman—to submerge all present inconvenience in pleasurable anticipation.

The road strikes towards the hills, and if you look up to the heights with the eyes of faith, you may see the Mountain Maid. As the legend runs: Back in pastoral times the valley suffered from a prolonged drought, so severe that the Mission Fathers set a week of prayer, asking relief of their patron saint. One night a heavy rain refreshed the valley, and in the morning, looking out upon the foothills, the Padres discovered a likeness of St. Barbara. The rain in washing away the face of the rock had etched the portrait of the Mountain Maid. The face of the rock has certainly been denuded of its covering of chaparral and almost any time between four

in the afternoon and sunset may be seen the figure of a woman, the lower part of her draperies lost in the mist. Slipped about her shoulders is the white cape of the sisterhood, with broad band across her brow In one hand she holds a cornucopia from which flowers appear to be showering upon the valley, a reminder that "help cometh from the hills."

For many years thereafter came rain a-plenty, and the road even now skirts the huge reservoir built by the Padres at that time, so well constructed that it is used to-day to supply the city of Santa Barbara.

Much like a private park is the seven miles between Goleta and Santa Barbara. The way bordered on both sides with luxuriant trees, bowing so obsequiously one to the other that their heads, touching, form an arch which completely veils the Saunterers from the heat of the sun. Through the heavy branches one can dimly see velvety oak-studded meadows, and in the foothill background rambling bungalows, the homes of lovers of wide fields and big open spaces. The village of Goleta is nothing but a telephone booth, a tumbledown blacksmith shop and a corner grocery, but to the Saunterers it is another station on the road of experience, and all things must be experienced to be truly understood.

Three roads go to Santa Ines, by as many passes—San Marcus, Refugio and Gavioto—and here at Goleta is the entrance to the beautiful San Marcus pass. Which

of the three roads was the chosen route of the early Padres is impossible to state with definiteness. The builders of El Camino Real claim Gavioto, basing their claim upon Father Crespi's diary, written during the expedition in search of Monterey under Don Gasper de Portola in 1769, in which mention is made of a pass called Gavioto, in commemoration of the wonderful marksmanship of one of the soldier-guards, who while climbing the pass fired off his old flintlock musket and, apparently to the amazement of the chronicler, actually killed a gull (gavioto).

Tradition, however, leans strongly to San Marcus pass which, despite a multitude of corners, sometimes dangerous for the modern motor, offers no difficulties to the burro or the man on foot. Whether the necessary climb of 2,500 feet offsets the shorter distance is a matter for argument, though there can be no argument but that the magnificent scenery and far-reaching panoramas justify the climb. However, it is Gavioto for the Saunterers, and the road keeps to the level and heads for the ocean where, as it approaches Naples, a church of yellowish stone, perched on a hilltop by the sea, looms into view, as unlike Italy's churches as this American Naples is unlike the Queen City of the Mediterranean. It stands there solitary and deserted, not a house in sight, symbolizing the ever-present vanity of man. It might be termed an Irish Bull, for it was built by the first Irish-

man who landed in California, characteristically listed on the local records as "An Englishman, native of Ireland, whose parents live in Boston."

For miles one follows every undulation of the shore, running between the deep blue ocean and the green foothills of the Santa Ines mountains, a quiet, dreamy country, so fairylike in its unreality that it starts bubbling within the man an absurd sentimental fervor—a quality, fortunately, according to Mencken, non-existent in women.

Perhaps five miles beyond is the Rancho de Nuestra Senora del Refugio—the refuge in olden days for many a smuggling adventurer. Here zigzagging up the mountain flank is the trail over Refugio pass, crawling in and out among foothills and finally scaling the rocky heights, Santa Ines peak being close to five thousand feet high. But the Gavioto road still follows the ocean through many acres of olive trees and amidst great groves of eucalyptus whose trunks show not a vestige of bark, whitened by the hand of age. They are said to be the oldest trees of the kind in California.

Nearing Gavioto, the foothills creep down to the water's edge, elbowing the road away from the ocean front, forcing it to turn almost at right angles into a winding, high-walled, romantic pass—if one's eyes are to be believed, the retreat for many a philandering motorist.

Something of an effort to turn from this broad, smooth boulevard into the dusty trail lost to view amid scrubby hills, but this way leads to the mission, and on the edge of the solitary plain, away from the railroads and the hum of cities. stands a lasting monument to Saint Agnes.

SANTA INES

One late afternoon, in the spring of 1824, Father Peblos and his Indian pupil, Jesu, were seated in the guest room of the Mission Santa Ines, absorbed in study.

Though seated and leaning well over his book of vellum, it was still easy to see that Jesu was of unusual height, even for an Indian, and endowed to an extraordinary degree with all the best physical traits of his stalwart race. A gentleness of manner and a natural sweetness of disposition, so often to be seen in physically big men, had so endeared him to Father Peblos that the good padre gladly spared from his well-filled day an hour or two of instruction, teaching Jesu in the subjects that might best fit him to become a leader and a guide among his own people.

Years had passed since Jesu as a boy had timidly entered this room, now more homelike than the home of his earthly parents. The floor is still covered with dull red tile, the walls are still painted in raw umber and hung with pictures of the saints, the ceiling studded with

rough-hewn beams held in place by thongs of hide. The windows, on one side, open into a cloistered court always filled with flowers and fruit trees; on the other side they face a large enclosure of brick, which is the theater of a battling, laughing, scolding throng on every wash-day. This was home never to be forgotten, never to be left. How little does one know what the future holds in store!

In an adjoining room the musicians, attached to the choir, were practising. The violin, guitar, flute and bass-viol blended in a plaintive note—rather Hawaiian—not sufficiently loud to prevent study, but nevertheless drowning all outside noises, and both Father Peblos and Jesu looked up in surprise when a company of soldiers appeared at the doorway. As soon as the sergeant had detached himself from his troops he was seen to be carrying something wound in cloth which, undoing, he cast upon the floor, where it struck with sickening thud, rolling close to the feet of Jesu.

Seeking some runaway neophytes, the soldiers had traced them to a distant rancheria, whose owner chief, upon refusal to give them up, was killed and his head cut off in true Conquistadore fashion. It was this head that the sergeant threw upon the floor—and it was the head of the father of Jesu.

As horror-stricken Jesu stared at the bloody object that seemed almost to cling to him for protection, his veneer of civilization dropped away as a garment that

had come untied. The once gentle, sad eyes grew bitter with hate and desire for revenge. In one moment the labor of years was undone. The educated Indian lapsed into savagery, mentally donning his war paint and planning that rebellion which came so near to wrecking the Mission Purisima, as well as Santa Ines.

But without a word Jesu left the room.

So it was that scarcely six weeks later Jesu at the head of a yelling mob of more than a thousand savages surrounded the mission and laid seige to the cloisters in which were imprisoned the priests and that handful of Indians who still remained faithful, Jesu having lured most of the neophytes away by turning agsinst the priests the very mental weapons forged for him by Father Peblos during the many months of loving labor and study. He played upon the neophytes' fears and superstitions, just as the priests themselves were accustomed to do, reporting to his fellow-Christians that he had a dream in which Chupu (the Indian deity) had appeared, warning him that all who had been baptized would die before the new moon, unless they renounced Christianity. Most of them fled secretly from the mission, bringing to Jesu beads and other votive offerings and swearing allegiance to his cause. Soon after, by his eloquence, Jesu wrought the hill tribes into a fury of resentment. In full panoply of paint and feathers they gathered about the camp fires, when Jesu, seizing

upon the war club, smeared with vermilion to symbolize blood, sang his war song:

"Hear my voice, ye warlike birds,
I wish the vengeance of your claws."

One by one the assembled braves joined in the dance, slowly circling about the fires, imitating in gesture and movement the wild beasts and birds—this was their pledge to battle.

The Indians depended for success entirely upon force of numbers, while the hope of the little garrison defending the mission lay in the superstition and fear of firearms, though, conforming to Franciscan custom, both carbine and cannon were always fired without shot or shell. Jesu, knowing that it was against the priests' habit to take life even in battle, called together the medicine men, who had long hated the priests as the cause of their loss of power and influence. These Shaman, wearing their most powerful fetish—necklaces of human fingers—seated themselves in the form of a circle; in the center, with war pipe in hand, was Jesu, who, in half-strangled gutturals, voiced his song of hate. The reed flute wailed its plaintive note, and one of the medicine men jumped into the ring, singing in time to the tap of a drum; leaping about, first on one foot and then on the other, brandishing his fists in the face of his fellows, still seated, finally grasping one of them by the hand he jerked him forcibly to his feet; he in turn clutched

another, the third a fourth, until all were on their feet, yelling and gesticulating, casting spells upon the white man's guns, rendering them harmless, and with their magic driving death from the battlefield.

Later, when the guns and canon were fired, without injury to anyone, the Indians were confirmed in the power of their medicine men, and those who had surrounded the mission and were creeping and wriggling through the grass in a continually decreasing circle, freed from all bodily fear, rose and rushed the convento and church, setting them both on fire.

One of the priests, a burly, powerful friar, sandaled, and clad in gown, girthed with the cord of St. Francis, realizing that the time for decisive action had come, seized a gun and rushed to the window.

"Well, Father," ironically yelled Jesu, "is that the way you say Mass?"

"Yes, my son; here is the chalice," pointing to the cartridge box, "and here is the crucifix," holding up his carbine, "and here goes my benediction," pointing the weapon, as he spoke, full at Jesu and pulling the trigger.

As the smoke drifted away and the Indians saw their leader dead upon the ground, the old fear and superstition in the mysterious power of gunpowder revived, and down they threw their weapons in submission, just in time to prevent a complete destruction; for the flames had eaten into the church almost to the sacristy, where

the holy Eucharist was kept, and only by the help of the Indians, who, fearing a retributive miracle and became frightened, were the flames extinguished.

The marks of these fingers of fire are still visible on the sacristy walls.

What an inspiring sight it must have been, that strange procession in middle September, in the year 1804, wending its way over the rough road, hardly more than a trail. At its head strode one of the oldest neophytes, bearing the processional cross mounted on a long staff; then two others with banners painted with likenesses of St. Agnes, followed by the rest of the neophytes with candles in hand, after whom came the attendant priest, next Commandant Carrillo, and last of all Presidente Tapis. In sacred processions the head of the church is always last; the next highest in dignity just before him, and those lowest going first. It is emblematic of the Christian journey—"that the last shall be first."

After an all-day climb, the hardships lightened by a frequent singing of the Gloria Laus, they arrived at the spot selected by Governor Borica many months before when on an exploring expedition among these mountains. With a zeal that never flagged, Governor Borica was always founding, on paper, pueblos and missions in honor of his sovereigns; and, being a man of great piety, was generally upheld by the church authorities.

It was on September 17, 1808, that this Mission was formally founded and dedicated to St. Agnes—Santa Ines, *martir y virgen*, is held in the highest honor by the primitive church, who constantly sing her praises and extol her heroism under torture. After the promulgation of the imperial edict against Christians, Agnes voluntarily declared herself one and suffered most steadfastly the martyrdom of fire, giving scarcely a thought, however, to the frightful torture she had to endure, concerning herself only with the unveiling of her body. One young man who dared a lascivious glance fell to the ground, stricken blind. Her monument, with a lamb, the symbol of innocence, stands on the Via Nomentane in Rome.

Aside from the brief Indian rebellion, the history of this mission has been comparatively uneventful. The earthquakes of *el ano de los temblores*, as everywhere, caused a partial collapse here, making extensive repairs necessary; and, in the rebuilding, three windows were opened in the bell-tower, following the example set by St. Barbara who, in her tower-home, insisted upon three windows as only through the Trinity could the soul receive light.

Secularization pounced down on this particular mission, in 1836, upon a somewhat unusual excuse. Governor Chico, the most petty, tyrannical and quarrelsome of California's governors, knowing that it was the custom

to announce the arrival of visiting priests by the joyful ringing of church bells, was incensed on one of his annual rounds to be received in dead silence, and he reported this *lese majesty* to the State Assembly, who immediately ordered secularization as the only proper punishment. From such little vanities do great deeds spring. It was little else than a ruin that was handed back to the Church authorities in 1843, and the succeeding years of abandonment completed the devastating work of man.

Then there appeared upon the scene a priest blessed with the sacrificing, enduring spirit of the old Padres—a man with such a beautiful childish faith that it transformed God into human form and made of him an ever-present friend to whom he might turn for guidance in the slightest difficulty. Every morning at sunrise he would open the door that faced to the east, and just as though hailing a comrade in the next field, might be heard to say:

"Good morning, God; everything well this morning?"

So with God as his only companion he started on the very day of his arrival to explore the tumble-down ruins of Santa Ines. Not a habitable room was to be found in the entire mission, except for such occupants as scorpions, tarantulas and poisonous spiders. He tells—and Father Buckler, unlike the incommunicative Franciscan monks, loves to talk—how his bed-fellow on that first night was a six-foot snake. To-day that particular snake, with many a scorpion and tarantula, are on view

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THE INTERIOR OF THE SANTA INÉS CHURCH

in his room of exhibition where, with reverent care, have been collected all sorts of relics dug from out the wreckage, even to hand-wrought nails, hinges and other metal odds and ends. It took many a month just to clean away the debris—months of discouragement at the little progress made with one pair of hands. Then, one night, there came a knock at his door and he opened it to a tramp begging for a night's lodging. He had found another pair of hands and knew now where to find still others. In the years that followed, every hobo for miles around who applied for help was directed to Father Buckler. In his diary of vagabondia he keeps a record of each of these wanderers. Their names, when they give them, though most frequently the diary reads: "Rambling Willie," "Chill-Blanes," "Travelling Tank," "Hand-out Harry," or "Bean-Booster," and, according to this diary, two hundred came to the mission in one year, many of them skillful mechanics, guttered by drink. Alone, except for their help, he has straightened the cracked and crumbling walls, roofed the church and convento, and transformed a ruin into a sweet, livable mission.

When there were no funds to draw upon, Father Buckler would invariably turn to God—"buttonhole God" is his expression:

"I need money to-day, God," he would say in an ordinary conversational tone; "you'll have to supply it."

He always got it, so he said, but, with a humorous

touch added, "only a third of what I asked for. Wonder if it'll do any good to ask for three times what I need!"

This saving sense of humor is forever bubbling to the fore. Note the sign on the mission grounds:

"To be permitted to view the interior of this mission is an act of courtesy by the mission authorities. Don't imagine we have to do so. There are no specific charges. Visitors, however, should remember that our time is as valuable as theirs, and consequently it is an impossibility to expect to be admitted and escorted around without some donation, which should never be less than twenty-five cents."

Now and again humor gives way to beautiful religious sentiment. On the door of the guest room we read:

"Guest, at thy knocking, my doors open to thee;
So do thou open to God knocking at thy heart."

Sometimes there enters a pathetic note. The church bells bear the warning:

"One of these will be Thine,"

in allusion to the Catholic custom of tolling church bells on the death of every parishioner.

Should you happily see Father Buckler as the setting sun glorifies his poor shabby library, seated before the organ, his fingers dreamily running over the keyboard, you will recognize the kindly soul that has stamped these lifeless walls of brick and mortar with a living sweetness that will endure as long as the buildings stand.

CHAPTER IX

A DETOUR TO PURISIMA AND THE FABLE OF THE MIRACULOUS HOUSE

EXPERIENCE, wisest of all teachers, turns the Saunterers on to a quiet country road that stretches along the foot of the mountains and leads into the shabby little town of Los Olivos, the home of an old-fashioned inn, hiding its many virtues behind a vine-covered veranda.

Some memories are like oases in a vast desert of forgetfulness, and this homely trout-fishing resort, away from the noise and bustle of the world, seen for the first time as evening's purple shadows gather at twilight, is the fountain source of endless reminiscing.

A short distance away lies our old friend, El Camino Real, playing hide and seek with the Coast Railway—jumping the track back and forth—finally romping over a rolling country of "dumpling" hills that are garnished with bright splashes of green—mighty oaks dwarfed by distance. The valley, to be sure, is called Los Alamos, meaning poplars, but an oak by any other name looks as well.

The tiny hamlet of Harris marks the entrance to the Purisima canyon, the direct route to the Mission La Purisima and the Mission Santa Ines. Just why the King's Highway, supposedly the old mission road, skips these two missions is a question for the grafters and political pets to answer, and perhaps they won't tell.

But from Santa Ines to La Purisima the entire twenty-four miles is hemmed in by the Santa Rosa and Santa Rita Hills, "full-bosomed and maternal—mothering the valley" lying between and nursing into flower life its thousand acres, blanketing them with a covering of sweet-peas that upon maturity seed the less favored of other lands; for here, beautifully situated on the bank of the little Ines River with hills all about, except on the west where the land slopes to the ocean, are the famous flower-seed farms. This is Lompoc, which is an Indian word for shell mounds—huge accumulations of sea shells, the only sign left to mark the place of the early abodes of the Indians who dearly loved sea food and left the remnants of their feasts to fertilize the soil to an exceeding richness.

The city of Lompoc was founded as a temperance colony, at a time when prohibition was fanaticism rather than fashionable and resultantly never drew the crowds, though it made heroic efforts to non-alcoholically warm the stomach of the world with the fire of mustard, grown in the only seed-mustard farms in the United States, which "like streaks of sunshine playing hooky from

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heaven" slash the valley with golden yellow.

Materialism now reigns in the old home of the Mission La Purisima.

It is quite as difficult to imagine why the Mission of the Immaculate Conception—La Mision de la Purisima Concepcion de la Santisima Maria Madre de Dios y Nuestra Senora—was founded on December 8, 1787, just at the beginning of the rainy season when storms usually make it impossible to construct permanent buildings, as it is to accept the absurd theory that the Padres wished to show the natives the superiority of their new brand of witchcraft. More difficult to understand this winter-haste, as more than two years had been allowed to elapse since the authorities chose the inviting site on the bank of the Santa Ines River, where wide spreading plains, easy of irrigation, and a natural protection in the rugged timbered hills rising in the rear made it one of the garden spots of this old earth.

The Padres recognized that in converting the soul to Christianity they must convert the body as well, and always had a keen eye for good soil and water. They knew that continuously spouting fountains amidst fruit-laden trees would give the Indians a more exalted idea of civilization than any sermon they could possibly preach, and that ample stores of grain and meat would speak more loudly than they against hill freedom and

frequent starvation, and with carnal lure would finally bring the savages under the cloak of the church.

Be all this as it may, the rains fell and the winds blew so persistently that it was a good four months before construction work could even be started, and misfortune seemed to dog the mission from the very start; fire, flood and drought, scourges of grasshoppers and gophers, war and epidemics are graven deep on its annals, in signs of suffering. But the Padres believed with Job "that God would deliver them from death, and in war, from the power of the sword." Strangely enough, one of these very scourges, a trial even to this day, was the direct outcome of the padres' civilizing influence; as before their day gophers were an Indian tid-bit, and constant daily indulgence in this choice dainty more than kept pace with Nature's multiplication table, allowing the animals no chance for dangerous increase.

Fire twice destroyed the mission buildings, forcing the padres to erect temporary native huts by planting long poles in the ground and plastering the tops together, the sides being interwoven with weeds and covered with adobe. The droughts were so severe that large herds of cattle had to be driven from the plains into the sea as the most merciful and speedy death. Smallpox ravaged the little settlement, and floods destroyed the crops.

Then one day the earth trembled, the sea receded and the natives in great alarm rushed to the mission, where

the padres met them, endeavoring to calm their fears by chanting the Litany of the Virgin Mary, but in rapid succession shock followed shock with increasing violence, until the mission walls cracked and down rattled the rafters and the stones. In panic the Indians sluffed off their conversion robes, lapsing back into old idolatrous practices. They prostrated themselves, turning to the four points of the compass and called upon their god of earthquakes for protection, but finding even him helpless and seized with senseless panic, they fled. The learned Father Payeras who, with the aid of interpreters, had made in native idiom a complete catechism and manual of confession, claimed that to the very last there was always this curious mixture of paganism and Christianity.

Believing that the earthquake was their angry deity's expression of displeasure, the neophytes of Purisima joined with the tribes of Santa Ines and Santa Barbara in rebellion against the Padres. In attacking the mission they all covered themselves with twigs so as to look like bushes and were able to approach near enough without discovery, to send blazing arrows into the thatched roofs and set them on fire. In the resultant confusion, by force of numbers they managed to seize the cloistered buildings. Once inside they cut holes in the adobe walls through which to sling their spears. They erected palisade fortifications and dragged out of hiding a couple of rusty cannon commonly used to make a noise on the *Dias de*

Fiesta—really useless except to excite terror and called by the superstitious "creators of thunder." Then they planted in the ground all the available gunpowder, in hopes that it would yield a further supply, for so miraculous did these mysterious black grains appear to the native mind that they believed it must possess the power of reproduction. Everything, in fact, was done that native ingenuity could devise in expectation of an attack, but with only bows, spears and machetes they were no match for the soldiers who, one hundred strong, were soon sent to put down the revolt.

Many natives were killed in the fight that followed, some were subsequently executed, for the sake of example, and still others were sent into long imprisonment, and this, despite all the pleadings of Father Payeras, who, though captured when the garrison capitulated, was in no wise molested, but on the contrary, treated with every mark of respect. Irreverence for him would have been an impiety and a sacrilege, there having been instilled in the savage mind the profound belief that the priests were the special messengers of God Himself.

The mission was unique in the absence of arches which marked most of the Franciscan structures. Square pillars supported the veranda along the front. The long buildings backed up against the low hills, must have been a picturesque sight—must have been, for to-day nothing remains of the church, where one hundred and thirty

THE CORRIDOR, LA PURISIMA MISSION

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years ago numberless devout Indians were wont to daily recite their Pater Nosters and Ave Marias.

THE MIRACULOUS LODGING

(From a book of Legends)

Father Junipero, founder of the California Missions, was on one of his errands of inspection and encouragement. Friar Palou, of the Franciscans, was his companion, and they were plodding over the unpathed country toward Monterey, a full day's distance from the settlements, when night came upon them. The air was chill and there was no shelter, but their health was sound and their courage warm.

"Well, brother," said the padre, "we can go no farther to-night. God is good. He will not let us come to harm. We have a loaf for supper and a cloak for a bed. The stars are coming out and the snakes are going in. We shall sleep in peace."

"We shall sleep in peace, brother," replied Palou. "Let us say our prayers, for I am heavy with the day's journey."

As if the flower-bells had tolled for vespers, the two knelt on the hillside and offered up their thanks and their petitions, asking that heaven would shelter them through the dark hours by its loving kindness and bless their work of spreading the gospel. As they arose from their knees the keen eye of Father Junipero caught a twinkle of light

a half mile ahead, and he gave a little cry of surprise. "It must be white men," he said, "for it is not the red light of an Indian fire. Yet who would have thought of finding our people in this wilderness?"

Friar Palou held aloof, and his face was pale. "It is not our people," he said. "There is no house or cabin all the way from San Juan to Monterey. Alas! It is the Devil who seeks us, far from our churches. He tempts us with a hope of shelter when there is none."

"Be of better faith. We will go forward. Surely a house may have been built here since we last crossed this country."

"If your faith is strong I will follow, though I shall keep tight hold on my crucifix, and constantly repeat the Virgin's name."

A walk of a few minutes brought them to the light. It was shining, white and calm, from the window of a small, neat adobe house, all set about with flowers. The door stood open and a sturdy figure of a man was dark against the luminous interior as he peered into the night. When the travelers had come in sight he showed no surprise; on the contrary, he stepped from the doorway with a grave courtesy, motioned them to enter, and said: "Good friends, you are way-worn and hungry. Be pleased to become our guests. You are welcome."

With hearty thanks for this unexpected hospitality the missionaries walked into the plain but clean, sweet-

smelling room. It was simply furnished and everything was distinct in a soft yet brilliant light of candles. A saintly faced, lovely lady greeted them and motioned them to places at a table where a supper of bread, herbs, and wine had been prepared, and a gentle sunny-haired boy held his mother's hand, leaned his rosy cheek against her, and smiled at them. The grave, kindly man who had made them welcome—he with the brown face and hands, the simple dress and honest way of an artisan—served the food and drink, and all spoke of the work on which the Fathers were traveling. It seemed to them as if on earth there could be no other home like this, so sweet and gracious were their hosts, so low and musical their voices, so pure the air and feeling of the place. When the repast was ended they would have begged to rest on straw outside the house; but before they had put this request into words an inner door had been thrown open and they were ushered into a white chamber holding two beds, warmly though daintily covered, and with pleasant good-nights the family withdrew, leaving the Fathers to their rest.

"We spoke truly when we said we should sleep in peace," quothed Palou.

"It is as if God had turned our steps here. Brother, there is such peace in my soul as I have never felt before. It is well with the world, for heaven is kind to men."

Tired though they were, they prayed long and

earnestly before they slept. In the morning, before day had broken, they awoke without a call, were bidden to another simple meal, and presently resumed their journey, after many thanks to the man, the woman, and the child for their goodness. They solemnly invoked the blessing of God on all three, and bowed low and stood awhile in silence when the family asked a blessing on them—silent because they were strangely moved and thrilled.

They had been on their way not many minutes when they encountered a muleteer of the country, who looked at them curiously. "Good-day to your reverences," he cried. "You look as happy and well fed and refreshed with sleep as if you had breakfasted with his excellency the governor and had laid on goosefeathers all night."

"We have fared notably," said Palou, "for we stopped at the house yonder, and so kind a family can be found nowhere else."

"At what house, pray? There is no house for miles and miles. Even the savages come into this part of the land but seldom."

Said Father Junipero, "It is plain that you, like ourselves, have not been here for some time. The house we have just left is yonder, by those trees—or—that is—Why, look, brother, it is gone!"

The dawn was whitening, and the morning star threw down one long beam on the place where that house had

been; a beam such as fell from the star of Bethlehem, so that a silver mist brooded upon the site.

"Kneel!" commanded Junipero. "Miracle has been done. Now I know that the cottage was built by angels, and they who served us were Joseph, Mary and Jesus. God smiles upon our work. From this hour we dedicate ourselves to it with new vigor and a firmer faith."

CHAPTER X

BACK TO EL CAMINO REAL AND WHAT SAN LUIS OBISPO HAS TO TELL OF HER ROMANTIC PAST

OUT from Harris the countryside is a veritable splash of color. The hills browned by the scorching sun are spattered with shrubs that under the same fire have turned to deep umber, making shadows contrary to all laws of nature. Yellow masses of golden wheat are clumped about deep gashes torn in the hillside by the rush of waters that have stained the earth to the hue of muddy coffee. So theatrical is it according to one writer that you almost expect to see a chorus of stage milk-maids come trooping out the "wings" of Santa Maria.

A saintly-looking town is Santa Maria, with the lid well clamped down over her natural fiery impulses—the gas wells that forever rumble beneath the surface. In earlier days the Fire Spirit sent a roar of flames gushing high from every gaping cavity, around which the Indians danced and chanted in solemn worship. Bowing to the earth again and again they would cast into the glowing pit their choicest possessions, in the primitive belief that

this god demanded earthly gifts from all his worshippers.

Across the Santa Maria River is a valley still known as the Oso Flaco (lean bear), receiving its name from one of the Spanish soldiers of the Portola expedition who killed a half-sick bear, so emaciated that it could hardly toddle, and insisted upon immortalizing his exploit—probably it was the same famous sharpshooter who brought down the gull at Gavioto. Here begins that wide stretch of cattle ranches known to the elect as "cow heaven." The dense foliage of the plentiful oaks affords shelter during the hottest noonday or in the midst of the fiercest gale. The level stretches are covered with native grasses that grow lush and luxuriant, always within easy distance of quiet pools sheltered in some shady nook. Under such cow-heavenly conditions it is no wonder that the original twenty-one bulls, nine cows and eight calves of the Mission San Luis Obispo increased and multiplied with such extraordinary rapidity that in a few years the number could only be estimated.

Approaching Arroyo Grande the wayside hills are half hidden by a ghostly curtain of mist woven by the breath of the nearby Pacific just as children film the window panes by gently breathing upon them. With Pismo the ocean comes into full sight, ceaselessly at work, its long, curling breakers cutting into the overhanging rocks numberless strange arches and sea caves. Just behind are curious terraced gardens, the lowest hardly

ten feet above low tide, the middle perhaps sixty, while a third is fully a hundred feet over the sea, all planted in one mass of flowers whose fragrance is carried by ocean breezes far inshore to more plebian neighbors. This is the playground of the thousands fleeing from the heat of the interior and the paradise of motor speedsters who with wide open throttle fly over the seventeen miles of beach in half as many minutes.

In brilliant sunshine and under cloudless sky its long stretches with slow-reaching waves makes a fairy spectacle, but to the eye of Cagrillo, who discovered it nearly four centuries ago on a dark November day, the mountainous waves then thundering upon the shore, must have been a sinister and menacing sight. He named it Todos Santos (all saints), feeling that his danger justified him in calling upon the entire hierarchy of the blessed realm, but Gasper de Portola, on a later land expedition thought one saint was sufficient and dedicated the entire valley to San Luis Obispo de Tolosa.

The town and mission of that name is seven miles inland. At its outskirts is a cheery sign of greeting: "Welcome to our city"—rather unfortunately placed at the gateway of the cemetery!

SAN LUIS OBISPO DE TOLOSA

According to that much quoted diary of Father Crespi, written during the Monterey Expedition in 1769,

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it was near the Canada de los Osos, or Bear Valley, where bears were so plentiful that the ground was pawed up for miles in their search for roots, that the exploring party came to a gentle-rising hill overlooking a charming vista of meadows, hills and winding streams. Here Father Crespi at once determined to found a new mission, showing the same unerring judgment exhibited in the founding of all California Missions.

Three years later, or on September 1, 1772, Father Palou writes that the cross was elevated on this very spot. They suspended a bell to the branch of a sycamore growing on the river's edge and after ringing it for some time to attract the attention of the Indians, cried aloud: "*Ea Gentiles! Venid! Venid! a la Santa Iglesa a recibir la fe de Jesu Cristo!*"—(Come, O ye Gentiles and receive the faith of Jesus Christ). The Indians although not understanding a word, by curiosity were drawn in great numbers, and mass was sung to a vast throng.

Under the lights and shadows of the waning day one of the neighboring hills showed a triple peak, suggesting to these men of simple faith a bishop's mitre, and to this very day that hill is called the hill of the bishop, and the mission was named after the Bishop of Toulouse, San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, an Italian saint of the Thirteenth Century. It is possibly worthy of notice that the quality of sainthood seems to vary with the number of years

elapsed since canonization. In other words, the longer one is dead, the more of a saint he will be. But St. Luis though he dated only from the Thirteenth Century, ranks far above those who entered the race for saintly honors many centuries before—an example to other infant prodigies. Being made a prisoner in one of the Sicillian wars and attacked with a long and dangerous illness, he vowed that if he recovered he would join the Order of St. Francis. After *seven years* spent in captivity he was released and fulfilled his vow. *Many years* later he was elected Bishop of Tolouse, where he made a name for himself, even in a day of many famous men. He *died* before reaching the *age of twenty-four*.

The usual temporary buildings were at once erected, to which flocked the Indians, very friendly and most profuse in their thanks for the help of the strangers in driving away the bears with powder and ball, for most of them could show terrible wounds received in their daily encounters with these creatures. When more substantial buildings became necessary, there arose upon the "gentle-rising hill" a long stretch of white walls with a towered church, the facade pierced and recessed for bells. Along the convento front ran an arcade, inviting the rays of the morning sun and granting protection against the ocean's cool afternoon winds. Immediately before it lay the El Camino Real, by which travelled all the voyagers of that day. Being so near, this road was a constant source of

danger. And three times the buildings were set on fire by unknown hands before one of the padres conceived the idea of roof-plates of hard burnt clay. He became known as the "tile Padre," and his tiles covered all the missions from San Diego to Sonoma. They were made by the neophytes, who would knead the earthy clay with their feet until the mixture reached the proper consistency —tiresome work, and the tile Padre soon discovered that the only way to keep the Indians at their task was to gather the priests around the mixing trough and have them sing old Gregorian chants. When the singing stopped the Indians stopped.

San Luis rose to great wealth, being amongst the richest of the missions, tradition falsely asserting that the main source of these riches was local gold mines, but though eagerly sought by keen-eyed Yankees for a century, not a trace of them has ever been discovered. Amongst the hillside Indians, worshippers of the sun, the god who made the earth and rules the sky, whose wife is the moon and whose children are the stars, and whose rising is daily greeted with cries of joy—there is the legend that this deity will some day return from the West and drive out the white intruders. When he does so he will demand earth's golden store as his reward, and until then none can be removed!

In 1833 the blighting hand of secularization throttled all further progress. The vicious and revengeful Mexi-

cans never concerned as to the legality of their actions, wrecked and pillaged without heed for the to-morrow, and soon only dismantled, deserted buildings remained. At the American occupation the church was used as a barracks and the convento as a jail, then as a school house, a restaurant, and even as a saloon.

Modern innovations, called improvements, have swept away all trace of those "gardens of surpassing beauty" which once stretched for a mile or more beyond the mission, leaving, in odd, out-of-the-way corners, haphazard clumps of olives, giving the town of Obispo the familiar nickname of "Little Italy," much to the disgust of many of the inhabitants who claim Portugal, Mexico or Spain as their birth place, and are still speaking their own language—the explanation of the frequent signs posted about the city: "ENGLISH TAUGHT."

El Camino Real has been transplanted to the center of the city, while just across the old road, blocking the view of those with an eye inclined to look upon the crumbling yet beautiful remains, are a Palace Bar, an Oyster Cafe and an Imperial Garage. These ugly monstrosities seem to have disapproved the taste of the reverend Fathers, for the beautiful arcade has been torn down and the adobe clapboarded into an ugly New England meeting house. But nothing can take away the peace of the sweet old-fashioned inner garden where the low, overhanging roofs covered with grapevines and

roses invite repose, and fortunately nothing has been taken from the church itself; everything, even to the little old-fashioned silver censer is as it was years ago, while the investments and robes brocaded with gold and silver, richer than anything manufactured in our day, are just as they were when sent from wicked old Spain to lure the ignorant Indian into the bosom of the church.

Of the five bells brought over by the old Fathers only one has lost the use of its tongue, and that one sits quietly off in one corner, mutely telling the story of a wondrous past. And in the main those old days were days of kindness, of sacrifice and obedience to the edicts of the Franciscan Order. De Mofras writes of finding Padre Abella, after forty-seven years of work, living in solitude in the ruined mission, with no attendant, no bed but a hide stretched on a wooden frame, no cup except a hollowed horn, and no food except strips of jerked beef furnished by the foreign occupants of the mission lands, and this food he shared with the few surviving Indians who lingered about their old abode.

Certainly, Father Abella realized the vision of St. Francis.

TWO NATIVE DANCES

The setting sun on the last day of the week gave the eagerly awaited signal for all the neophytes to gather just outside the mission walls, where in the open field lay

a great circular hall built of widely separated poles, supporting a roof of tule. Around the outside of this rotunda were stuck lighted torches. In the center was a blazing fire, throwing into sharp relief the musicians already in place. A deep roll of many drums, with a blare of trumpets and a staccato of castanets set up a plaintive, wild harmony, moving to the nerves rather than to the soul, but soon attracting about the fire a band of dancers naked but for loin cloths and feathered hats, their bodies striped black, blue and red, and in their hands sticks taller than themselves.

To the music they begin to circle around the fire, the body curved, the knee somewhat bent, moving with wonderful accord. Gesticulating in frightful contortions and grimacing with hate and terror, they strike the ground with their sticks and then as though coming from a great distance, an Indian completely covered with feathers bursts upon the scene. At sight of him the dancers shriek with fright and run as if to hide, calling upon the gods to protect them from *Cucusuy*—the devil. A fanfare of trumpets is sounded to drive away evil spirits, and *Cucusuy* retires behind the trees from whence come cries and groans of torment and suffering. At these sounds the dancers resume their places, again circling around the fire, this time throwing live birds into the blazing ashes which they keep turning with their sticks as they dance.

When well roasted, the birds are pulled out and divided among the spectators, the torches are extinguished and the dance is at an end.

It is *fiesta* at the mission, and long before their elders will rise from their comfortable beds, the young girls gather at the arbor where the *la jota* song will soon ring out in the morning air. Very beautiful most of them, with a slight tint of brown to the skin, a pair of sparkling black eyes and teeth of the whitest color. All wear skirts of fine muslin, overspread with gilt spangles, brightly colored jackets and high-heeled slippers that click as they walk. Most of them have their hair combed straight back, held high on the head by a tortoise-shell comb, the coil pierced by a long thick pin of gold, tipped with jewels. Some are covered with *mantillas*, the ends gathered across the breast and pulled tight, showing the well-shaped figures to the best advantage.

No sooner seated in an arbor roofed with boughs and gay with ribbons and flowers, then the harp and the violin strike up a joyous melody, so full of fantastic quirks as to put "Old Nick" in the feet of every dancer. As the sound floats out over the plaza, up to the arbor come dashing forty young horsemen dressed in their finest—a broad-brimmed, pointed crown hat of leather, glossed to a mirror-like polish rests on a red silk handkerchief wound turban-fashion about the head, a band under the

chin holds the hat in place, while a gold silk cord and tassel dangles over the side of the hat, hiding itself in the mass of dark locks that curl about their shoulders. A wide white collar rolls over a bluish vest which fits close like a coat of mail, gold buttons matching the hat tassel ornament the vest. A brilliant red sash holds the black velvet trousers in place, and these are slit up to the knee, revealing tight-fitting buckskin leggings laced all the way down to the wicked-looking spurs clamped to the boot heels.

Dismounting, these cavaliers remove their spurs and hang them at their saddle bow and with hat in hand enter the arbor, where kneeling before the partner of their choice they sigh out: "*Sabe que soy suyo*"—(Know that I am thine). The senoritas at once arrange themselves opposite the senors, leaving a wide space between, the man at the head begins to sing some popular folk song not unlike a Mother Goose melody. The woman opposite takes up the strain, followed by the next two, forming a quartette of voices. Singing, the four pirouette down the center, then around the outside to their former stations, when succeeding four follow in order. With gracefully swinging figures, in perfect time to the music which sways from a grand crescendo to a faint whisper of song they dance around and around the room.

This is a breakfast appetizer.

CHAPTER XI

ABOUT THE ONE-TIME DANGEROUS ROADS AND THE MYTH OF SAN MIGUEL

SOME six miles out from San Luis Obispo is one of the high points in the Santa Lucia Range. It bears the name of Cuesta, meaning "pass," and at the little red schoolhouse up the road it is probably taught, with pride, that this name was given by Viscaino, away back in 1602. But to these half-breed, fiery-blooded Mexicans it is far more a matter of pride that here, on this very spot, their countryman Joaquin Murieta fought the Americans and caused them to withdraw.

Murieta was the "King of California cut-throats"—the "Fra Diavolo of this Eldorado," with a history abounding in dramatic interest. He came to the country when the first flush of the gold fever was spreading abroad, and started as an honest miner staking out his claim which unfortunately proved so rich that American desperadoes heard of it and drove him away after strapping him to a tree and flogging him to near-unconsciousness. As the heavy thongs lacerated his bare back, Murieta registered

an oath of vengeance and became the implacable foe of every American. To kill was now his dream. For every lash laid upon him he vowed that ten Yankees' lives should be forfeited, and within a month Murieta was at the head of a band of highwaymen who fearlessly ravaged and killed in every direction, even though along the whole mission coast line the country was bewailing its dead and ringing with offers of reward.

Just a bit off the highway, on a knoll, amidst golden fields, is the Chapel Santa Margarita, an asistencia of San Luis, only eleven miles away from the mother church, but known as the half-way meeting place between San Luis and San Miguel, where the friars occasionally came together for mutual help and to confess one to the other. It is now the storage place for a neighboring ranch, all vestige of chapel having disappeared long since.

But still standing on the western border of the great Carrisa plain of San Luis Obispo is a temple, hewn in the rock, facing the rising sun—a temple for sun worshippers, called by the Spanish discovers La Piedra Pintada, "The Painted Rock." From amongst these sun worshippers the Mission San Luis drew many of its converts, but never was able entirely to kill the love and devotion given by them to the bright, shining sun which came so mysteriously from out of the East, bringing all comforts and chasing away all terrors. Perhaps this love of nature made them the better Christians. Who knows?

DOORWAY, SANTA MARGARITA CHAPEL AT SAN LUIS OBISPO

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On the direct highway, about eighteen or nineteen miles from San Luis, is another sort of Aladdin Lamp performance—the Atascadera colony, a realization of the magic vision of an enterprising Easterner who, almost over night, transformed a thousand-acre cattle ranch into a veritable co-operative community city. Butcher, baker and candlestick-maker are housed in a great building of steel and concrete. All of the community settlers, being stockholders, trade there and there alone. In the municipal centre, where are staged the town activities, is a pretentious èdifice (and no other word would describe it). From this rad iate miles of beautiful avenues, shaded by full-grown trees, running as far as the beaches of the Pacific, where the waves thunder upon the shore, and spray the rocky coast with great geysers of surf, for the sole amusement of this close corporation.

Through oak-studded plains winds the macadam boulevard, passing Templeton, one of the four great military camps of the United States, where the wide open spaces lend themselves to world-war manoeuvers, with thousands participating in its sham battles. Plains give way to curving hills; with rise and dip from one plateau to another, leading finally into Paso Robles, "The Pass of Oaks," whose advertising booklets modestly describe it as the only place in the world to "recreate, rest and recuperate," and warrant their sulphur and mud baths to cure all the ills of the world. There is a legend attached

to this last panegyric: The Indian Utes' great chief, Forked Lightning, loved for his justice as well as his power and courage, was one time stricken with an unaccountable disease and the medicine men gave him to Death, telling him that the Great Spirit wished to gather him to his fathers. Yet, in an effort to propitiate their gods, they decided on a last sacrifice. A buffalo bull was killed, skinned, lifted to an altar of logs, and burned, the people prostrating themselves during this ceremony. When the body had gone to ashes the medicine men said "Rise. The god has spoken. Our chief will not die. A big medicine is to come from the earth and cure him, and it shall be for all time for the healing of our nation. Day after day an arrow must be shot, until it falls and stands upright in the earth, there will a great medicine appear." And so it came to pass that a far-off roaring sounded in the earth, the rocks trembled, and the people hid their faces, believing that the Great Spirit was passing and the ground was bending under his footsteps. Then came a crash and hiss as the earth opened and fountains of mud and scalding water were hurled into the air. Steam and sulphur fumes burst forth as from the centre of the globe. When the commotion had subsided the chief commanded his men to bury him to the chin in warm mud and leave him there for a day. This they did. In the evening, when he came out, he had regained not his health alone, but his youth.

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SAN MIGUEL MISSION

Such is the history of the Pasa Robles springs, and to this day the Indian sick are brought from far-away lands. Nine miles out of Pasa Robles, still among the oaks, following the Salinas River, brings one to the Mission San Miguel.

SAN MIGUEL

The mission dedicated to the Gloriosisimo Principe Archangel Senor San Miguel was founded July 25, 1797. Archangel Michael beams as the light of light, opening a vision of heaven to the multitude on earth. The four archangels are the watchmen of the Catholic Church and Michael is the chief of these guardians. He was prince of the armies which stood around the Jewish people crying to the angelic hosts: "Mi-cha-el Quisut Deus." Now he is prince of the host guarding the Church of God. He has wings, and golden hair, and a circlet from which a cross rises above his brow, and he carries a pair of scales weighing souls.

Those old padres must have been a sturdy lot, for in this so-called pass of San Miguel the sun burns with a heat almost unbearable. Cabrillo called it Caliente Fornelo—Hot Furnace—which, according to some etymologists, are the root words for California. Local gossips tell in all seriousness, how even the flies cannot endure the months of July and August, but during the heat of any

day can be seen gasping upon the tile floorings. A doggerel current in the little town best tells the story:

"She bowed her head upon his breast
As hotter grew the summer weather,
And as her form he weakly pressed,
They melted right away together."

But hot as it was, Father Sitjar and Antonio de la Concepcion immediately began the erection of the church and other necessary buildings—never very extensive, as compared with those on the lower end of the chain, but even to this day most interesting; as for some inexplainable reason neither time nor man has done much to disturb them. Mr. James, a student of mission decoration, describes the walls as painted with a series of bands, some in green and brown, with pomegranate leaves and fruit, or conventional designs in lozenge pattern. Other bands in pinks and shades of green radiate fan-shape from the floor, topped by a frieze and a painted balustrade. The old pulpit has a peculiar fascination with its quaint sounding-board and crown-like cover, surmounted by a ball upon which rests a cross, resembling a bird nest fastened to the wall or as someone puts it, like a candle-extinguisher about to drop. On the old cell-like confessional are still traceable the carved roses signifying sub-rosa, the artist forgetting that Cupid gave the Harpocrates, the God of Silence, a rose to bribe him not to betray the amours of Venus.

Exteriorly the church has also been maintained in a fair state of repair. The corridor which fronts the convento is just as it was, despite the amusing construction of the arches—irregular, varying in size and shape, unusual even in the work of these amateur mission architects. The white walls are topped by the original dull-red tile, making a pleasing color contrast to the green of the surrounding pasture land. In all, San Miguel has much of the ancient flavor one might expect in an old-time mission, were it not for the distressing modern note sounded by a tall steel spider-legged tower, in which swings the church bell—all the old bells cast into one. And this lack of respect for historic monuments is only enhanced by the irregligious tendency of these modern days, shown in the sign tacked to the entrance door:

"This is a church. Treat it as such. Playing ragtime on the organ is forbidden. On entering please remove your hat. No dumping of lunch boxes, rubbish or empty bottles on the church grounds—you wouldn't like it on your own private grounds."

Within the inner quadrangle, once thick set with grapevines and fruit trees, is only "a ragged corporal's guard" of ancient pears, spared at the time of secularization by some conscience-stricken Father who probably was accustomed to rest beneath their shade during the heat of the day or perhaps fed from their luscious fruit and didn't have the heart to destroy them.

Not far away several sulphurous hot springs bubble, boil and sizzle—the off-shoots, most likely, of the big spring of Pasa Robles, causing this little mission—the smallest—to become the most popular, for here the Padres of all the missions, together with ecclesiastics of every rank were wont to congregate, spending days and sometimes weeks in the healing waters.

The padres were physicians for the body as well as for the soul, and endeavored to follow their Master in healing the sick, raising the dead and casting out devils. At each mission there was what we moderns would know as an infirmary—just a gallery with some mats on which the sick neophytes could lie. Here the padres, as best they could, acted as physicians, though generally the Indians preferred their own medicine men who by study or tradition had acquired a certain knowledge of the virtues of plants. For ordinary pains counter-irritants produced by a whipping of nettles or even the bites of large ants were no uncommon remedy, though blood-letting was often practised, the affected part being cut with a sharp stone. When a person felt seriously ill, it was always declared to be caused by the presence of some foreign body such as a hair, bone or thorn, and one of the sorcerers would apply his lips to the seat of the disease and pretend to draw out by suction the cause of the disorder, and we moderns can ill afford to laugh when we think of the many patients of to-day who have been cured by the

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pretended extraction of some foreign substance from a supposedly affected part. If a disease was persistent the patient was laid upon a bed of ashes or dry sand with vessels of food and water at his head, and a fire at his feet, and the result anxiously watched by visiting friends.

Great confidence being in their medicine men the imagination of the patient was often strong enough or sufficiently excited to effect a wonderful cure, in which case the fame of the doctor was spread far and wide.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE BOOK OF TWO MISUNDERSTOOD PADRES

It was one of those oppressively hot days, so common in the pass of San Miguel, when even the animals of the field lay gasping for breath. And to increase the discomfort, the steam that was forever floating about the hot springs near the mission, to-day poured out in sizzling streams as though the satanic stokers were gleefully adding more fuel to the fires below.

Father Antonio de la Concepcion wearily dragged himself out into the court, searching for a breath of air. He was so tired and his head buzzed so strangely with the disordered thoughts that kept hammering away for recognition; and he had fought these devilish thoughts so long—with no one to help. Here he was in the interior of an unknown country, surrounded by savages with whom he could communicate only by signs, completely

isolated from other human companionship, mentally and physically weary. Something all of a sudden cracked, and the devil took a hand in the game.

Antonio began to fancy himself a great ruler and with despotic authority ordered the Indians to stop work and make ready for a war of conquest. He collected them all on the plaza and drilled them in military manoeuvers, compelling them to discharge flights of arrows, while the soldiers, drawn up in battle array, fired round after round of blank cartridges. The sound of these firearms and the sight of this mimic warfare seemed to feed his imaginings, and threw him into greater and greater extravagance.

The Indians looked on, first in astonishment and then in terror, finally becoming so frightened that they fled the mission. The soldiers, long perplexed as to their duty, when once they discovered that Father Concepcion carried concealed in his sacerdotal robes a pair of loaded pistols, decided to take him, forcibly if they must, to Presidente Lasuen. So they seized and secured him, marching him off to Monterey, where, taken before the governor, he was pronounced incurably insane.

The lonely life, the incessant toil, the continual deprivations had taken their awful toll, and would continue to do so as long as there were men to be found who were ready to feed their spiritual young with their own life-blood.

The proud and somewhat haughty Father Luis Martinez was largely responsible for the stories of missionary luxury so inconsistent with the vows of mendicant poverty. The Father Presidente had entreated all the Friars to avoid every appearance of worldly ease and had even severely reprimanded each violation of the Franciscan rules. "We are obliged not only to avoid what may be manifestly evil, but whatsoever has the color and appearance of evil. Those engaged in gathering and directing souls to God must conduct themselves like angels among men and like men among boys. They must be the light of the world, the beacons situated upon mountain peaks; and for being thus exposed to the gaze of all they must be the bright mark and guide of the world." While the Father Presidente wrote: "I entreat and commend your reverence for the love of Jesus Christ that you make no use of gig or coach in any manner under any pretext and at any time whatsoever, and if there be any it shall be burned or taken apart to serve some other suitable purpose."

But if the truth must be told, here was one very faithful worker who enjoyed but little poverty and less humility.

Living in regal state, Father Luis kept in his retinue an Indian boy whose sole duty it was to give timely warning of the approach of the venomous ants abounding at this mission. But despite every precaution taken by the

Indian, the Padre was often bitten, and for every bite the boy received five lashes. Later this same boy became chief cook, and if perchance the padre, gourmandizing on the good things of the table, ended with a stomach-ache, the unlucky chef got another licking; causing him to wonder—if the dull-witted Indian ever stopped to wonder —on the mysterious workings of Providence, for to their minds these priests were the special messengers of the Deity.

On fete days Padre Luis always traveled by carriage, an odd arrangement, designed by himself and built by the Indian mechanics under his orders. A narrow body just wide enough for one, the seat stuffed thick with wool to make up for the absence of springs. The harness was made of rawhide, resplendent with gold and silver trappings, from which hung many dangling bells. The coachman and postillion were gorgeously attired, and the coach was drawn by four black mules on which sat little Indian lads, preceded by a horseman who guided the mules with his riata. Behind came the neophytes walking two by two.

Perfectly human when one stops to consider. One man for years was in sole possession of a kingly territory, literally monarch of all he might survey, with thousands and thousands of acres under his domain, and hundreds of willing slaves under his absolute control.

"Judge not that ye be not judged."

CHAPTER XII

THE COUNTRY BEYOND SAN MIGUEL AND THE CHRONICLE OF OLD SPANISH LIFE IN AMERICA—SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA

FROM SAN MIGUEL TO SAN ANTONIO

THE country lying between San Miguel and San Antonio is singularly devoid of all historic interest, leaving the Saunterers little except to reflect, as Stevenson puts it, that the road has been developed out of tracks followed by primitive wayfarers, and in it one may see an expression and testimony of those other generations who have been affected by the same ground, in the same manner as we are affected to-day.

May the gods pity them if they were.

All through this Salinas Valley the plain is steeped in pitiless sunlight, and the scene is pitched in a key of fiery color that makes it a fitting stage for the quondam snake dances whose story the "oldest inhabitant" with toothless enthusiasm mumbles to every passerby:

A hundred braves with painted faces, lining up in long array, would pass one to the other a huge basket in which, squirming angrily, lay rattlesnakes, collected from

the dusty plains thereabout. Each brave seized one or two of these loathsome creatures, holding it between his teeth or in outstretched hands, seemingly unconcerned, as its needle fangs darted towards his face and arms. The onlookers waving strips of red were all the while exciting these writhing rattlers to further attack. When the shouting and the leaping had reached its highest pitch a drum beat sounded, the sign for one hundred daggers of flint to leap from out as many belts; each dagger with one stroke slit the rattlers from head to tail, making an opening from which to drag out the still throbbing hearts, which were popped into the greedy mouths of the dancers, endowing them with all the wisdom of serpents for a year to come.

From just behind Bradley the road rolls up the easy slopes "like a long ship in the hollows of the sea," and then, as though rudderless, wallows to the summit of the earthy waves. To quote Stevenson again, even though disagreeing, "improvement may make straight roads, but the crooked roads without improvement are the roads of genius."

Just about here it was, that the lands of San Miguel formerly joined the wide acres of San Antonio; for the missions occupied all of the land along the coast except the little owned by the presidios, pueblos and a few ranches which were held by virtue of grants from the King of Spain, and they objected strenuously to any other

settlement. It is told how, one quiet night when the moon was shining brightly, two old men from Spain were discussing with the priests the nature of the moon, and one of the Spaniards, asked by the padre for his opinion, coolly remarked: "Land it cannot be. Were it land, there would be sheep of the missions up there."

The valleys below are flowered by fairy fingers, and all the rest of the way to Mission San Antonio the scenery grows constantly more beautiful. The hills draw slightly apart and in the opening, away in the distance, is Santa Lucia, the highest peak in the range of the same name, hazy blue in the sunlight. "Forming part of the view and adding the human touch is San Antonio, deserted, solitary, fast crumbling away, yet belonging to the scene still, and the chief element of interest in it."

Present-day architects can find nothing more deserving in interest, nothing more original than these ruined remains which are so well adapted to the blue skies and lofty mountains in California.

SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA

The original pioneers in their northward wanderings, after a hard climb over rough and rocky roads, came to a little valley—a depression in the very midst of the mountains—which they called La Hoya de la Siera de Santa Lucia. Crespi, the diarist, however, because the day was that of the Impression of the Wounds of Saint Francis,

named it Las Llagas, and invoked the intercession of the seraphic saint, consecrating its name with those of his stigmata—the miraculous infliction of the five wounds of Christ which St. Francis carried to his death.

Here was so pleasant a place that long afterwards the travelers talked of it as one speaks of an oasis in the desert, and the keen eye of that Franciscan Crespi took for future reference a careful note of the black soil, so well fitted for grain and fruit orchards. Hence it came about, so says Hittell the historian, that a beautiful day in mid-July in 1771 found Junipero Serra hanging bells to the branch of a tree on this very spot. Once hung he struck them with great vigor, crying out in a loud voice: "Come, oh ye Gentiles, come to the Holy Church!" Father Payeres, his assistant, standing by asked: "Why all this ado? There are no Gentiles within hearing. It is useless to ring the bells." Junipero replied: "Let me alone!" and he kept on ringing with all his might, calling the dwellers in the wilderness to the new life promised in the Scriptures. When he had wearied his muscles and somewhat cooled his enthusiasm, he turned to the foundation of the mission and dedicated it to San Antonio de Padua.

This Saint Anthony was afflicted just as the earlier and even more famous saint of the same name. Women followed him everywhere, and when one tried to tempt him he threw himself upon a pile of burning faggots saying: "Here is my bed: come and lie upon it!" Women

thronged the church whenever he preached, and great ladies who usually were abed till noon would rise in the early morning just to be certain of hearing his miraculous voice. But did they only know it, neither walls of stone nor leagues of distance could stay its penetrating power. One woman, forbidden by her jealous husband from attending the church where St. Anthony preached, retired to her sitting room and threw open the outer window, and no sooner had she done so than the walls, acting as sounding boards, echoed every word of the famous saint who was preaching at some far-away cathedral.

Thanks to a now more or less systematized building plan, it was not long before everything was in readiness. Besides the church, which was always the one grand and prominent feature, there were dwellings for the padres, barracks for the soldiers, storehouses and workshops—all arcaded like the old cloisters of Spain, and as usual built around a large hollow square, each building accessible from the interior; though one or two large doorways, called portones, gave entrance from the outside. The house of the padre was next to the church and like it, fronted outwards, but the work shops of the tile makers, the tallow melters, the pigeon tenders, deer hunters, shepherd's, singers and wine-pressers opened only into the interior, enabling the padre to keep better control over them.

San Antonio was famed far and wide for its orchestra,

taught by the good Padre Sancho, who not only wrote the music, each part in a color distinct from the other, but the words of the hymns he wrote as well, couched in churchly Latin. The orchestra consisted of a drum, a triangle, a violin, a base-viol and a flute, and over each of these players Father Sancho labored for long weary weeks and months. Of course many of the neophytes could never grasp the elements of music, but even the worst of them, in the solemn chants of the mass, were always absorbed heart and soul, and seemed to believe, strangely enough, that they were as proficient as the best. An Indian wife summoned her husband before the Padre Sancho for having serenaded another woman.

"Bring forth the culprit," said the padre, "and let him play for us as he played for the woman he wished to captivate."

When this was done the padre asked: "Is that the tune you played?"

"Si, Senor."

"Is that the best you can play it?"

"Si, Senor."

"Then I sentence you to five lashes for disturbing the peace."

Tucked away in a loop of the river, giving unfailing water and protected by a background of grizzly mountains, opening the land only to the rays of the sun, this beautiful San Antonio valley smiled with ever-abundant

harvests. The cultivated fields spread out so far that it was found necessary to build atop the mission roof look-out stations, in which day and night stood Indian boys watching over the valley. No one could approach without being seen by those keen-eyed savages, and long before their arrival messages of warning could be wig-wagged to the distant workers. So fruitful was this valley that for long it has been known as Milpitas, Little Vegetable Garden, even by the unimaginative "greasers" who, buying nothing but fat and tallow from the missions, gained that lasting nickname. Descendants of those early "greasers" still live hereabout. The old mother of one was the first American woman here and the only white woman for more than a year. She had to live at the mission for protection, and all during that fearful smallpox epidemic which carried off nine-tenths of the natives she stayed shut up behind an iron-girded window, her daily amusement, watching the corpses being carried by. To make matters worse, no one spoke English—not even the priest, who was a Mexican Indian, so that she had to make her wants known by signs, which, difficult and often ridiculous, brought the only gaiety into that year of trouble. Once needing eggs she tells how she was forced to search for a stone that looked like an egg, place it on the ground, and sit atop it, suddenly jumping up and cackling like a hen.

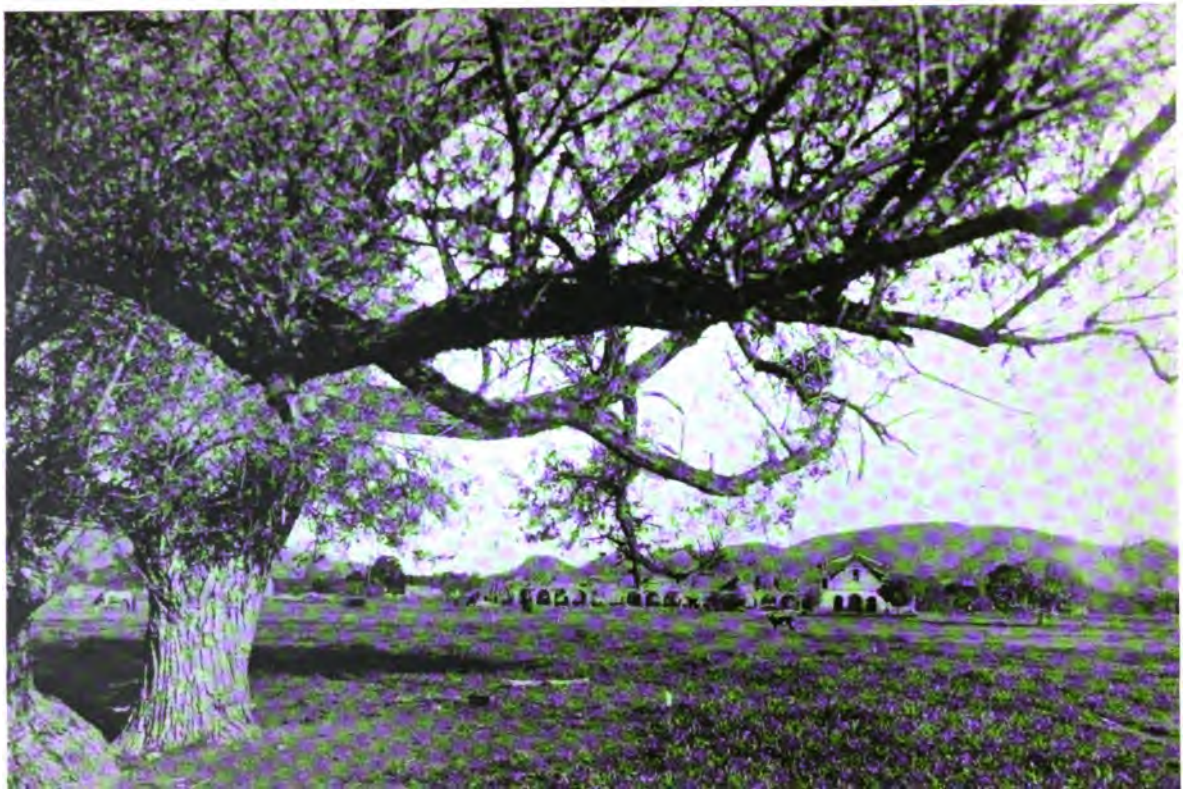
This Mexican padre spent most of his time civilizing

wild bees, showing a truer knowledge of bee life than even our Maeterlinck and Fabre. The records state that he was much beloved by all the little Indian boys and girls. Could it have been the honey?

Gone are the cattle, destroyed are the vines. The corridor arches are still standing, to be sure, though back of them lie the rafters just where they fell amidst fiery-hued bushes, and many of the roofing tiles have been removed to make coverings for neighboring houses. The incense trees used for holy water, the flour mill, the tannery and the wine-press are still in evidence, and even now, with the sun tinting those ruins with its kaleidoscope of colors, it remains an inspiration, though as our old greaser friend says, "it makes one kind o' lonesome just t' look at it."

Unfortunately San Antonio has been side-tracked by the railroads of California. Far from any traveled route, it is too sparsely settled to support a church, so the rain and the sun are allowed to take their deadly toll. Would that the patron saint of this mission, who is always invoked by devout travelers for the recovery of whatever has been lost, would listen to the cry of all who supplicate for the restoration of the beauty that once was here.

To teach temperance and keep the world sober while manufacturing rum at a good profit must have been something of a problem to the old padres; but other days, other customs, remember—and we are writing of 1818.



was long the most important industry, the padres believing, with Iago, that good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used. About eleven in the morning, having broken their fast immediately after mass with only a cup of chocolate, these padres would take a small glass of brandy with a bit of cheese "*para hacer boca.*" Later they would wash down their noon-day dinner, usually of beef or mutton and beans or lentils, with a generous potion of rich red wine. And wine with chocolate and biscuit for supper completed their regular daily fare.

The process of wine manufacture was simplicity itself. A raised platform was built on any convenient ground and covered with well-cured clean hides, upon which the ripe grapes were piled. Then three or four Indians would be given a thorough scrubbing, their hair carefully tied up and covered, their hands wrapt in cloth with which to wipe away the "sweat of their brow." Each with a stick in hand to steady himself, they were put to treading out the grape juice which would be caught in leather bags tied to the platform sides. This was emptied into large wooden tubs where the liquid was kept for several months under cover of the grape skins, to ferment.

Those were happy days.

CHAPTER XIII

MORE DANGEROUS ROAD AND A SUGGESTION OF THE SOLITUDE OF SOLEDAD WITH THE FICTION OF THE PEARLS OF LORETTO

THE way from San Antonio makes a most propitious start through a peaceful, beautiful country of gently-rolling land covered with great live oaks up which has crept a festoon of Spanish moss. It is still the sun-kissed valley lying at the feet of the snow-capped Santa Lucia and the stilleto-pointed peak which gives name to the range is always visible to any backward glance. It recalled to the memory of the early travelers that spike of rock on which Maiden Lucia in the First Century of our epoch met martyrdom. Hence its name.

Golden grain fields soon give way to knotted chaparral, thirsty-looking sage, bright-berried cascara and sweet-smelling yerba; and as the road wriggles over the summit of the Jolon grade the air grows cooler.

Rapidly down hill goes the road over the rocky bed of a branch of the Salinas River, a roaring torrent when flushed with the rains of winter, now arid-dry, "the

water all sucked into the sands of humility." Here is Thomson's Gulch, famous as the favorite place for stage robberies. And not "all bad" were these picturesque ruffians. It is told that a traveler who was riding one afternoon along this very mountain road leading to the valley and happy, maybe, with the thought of home, was cheerfully whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me," when suddenly he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs. Turning, he saw three horsemen galloping rapidly after him, one of whom yelled to him to stop. Realizing the character of the invitation, the traveler put spurs to his horse but a shot from his pursuers struck him in the leg and brought him down. Once relieved of his money, instead of being despatched with a knife or left to die of a hemorrhage, the bandit-doctor proceeded skilfully and tenderly to take up the severed artery and bind the wound. Just as he was finishing he heard a passing wagon and directed one of his men to "wait upon" the teamster. This was promptly done and the astonished teamster in turn was relieved of his money. A bed was then hastily made in the bottom of the wagon, the wounded man placed upon it and the driver told that his life was at stake if he didn't drive at once to the nearest town and drive slowly and avoid the ruts.

Such were the bandits of the old days.

Curiously enough, to-day as the Saunterers roll

through this rocky defile there is to be seen a rickety sign bearing the single word "DANGER."

It is still along the river, and in the ever-widening valley, with its little town of "Greenfield"; especially in contrast to the brown level plateau beyond, over which the wind cuts like a whip. It seems to be always blowing on this stretch. Indeed, this has so passed into the speech of the inhabitants that their morning salutation is invariably: "How are you—breezy, isn't it?" So level is it here that the whole way lies open before you. "If *there* is changed to *here*, all is afterwards as it was before." Nothing is left to fancy and there is nothing to see except unhomely-looking homesteads.

This is Soledad which a would-be humorist describes as lacking nothing but water and good society. Local tradition has it that water was so scarce that they had to drink whiskey instead. The usual traveler knows it as the town of Vancouver's Pinnacles, named in honor of the English explorer, who described them as being the first of California's natural wonders. They are picturesque masses covering six square miles of wild country that have been sculptured by erosion. Rocks of various sizes and an innumerable variety of shapes, range from a few yards in height to hundreds of feet, their sides presenting no foot-hold for man's ascent; upon their spires and dome-like tops none but winged creatures have ever rested!

But for the Saunterers Soledad is only the name of a mission town.

SOLEDAD

This wide, treeless valley of Soledad received its name of Solitude on Crespi's first visit, seemingly in his eyes the gloomiest, bleakest spot yet seen, though he notes in his diary that the soldier guards, rationed that evening with some of Spain's delicious chocolate, gave it the more cheerful name *El real de chocolat*—the Camp of Chocolate.

However, it was not until October 9, 1791, that Nuestra Senora Dolorisima de la Soledad was officially founded on this "Devil's Frontier." The same sweet, simple ceremonies were used as at all foundations, and were carried through with the same steadfast faith and the same joyful expectancy. Yet what could be more mournful than the early Fathers' conception of our Lady of Solitude; for the Virgin Mary, after her Son's ascension, is in their minds always draped in black with a sword in her heart—the one symbolical of her desolation, and the other of the sorrow which has pierced her soul.

For some unrecorded reason, possibly a premonition of the short life this mission was to enjoy, Soledad never got beyond the adobe stage. It may be because all the time and all the labor were both needed to get a sufficient supply of water for this arid land. And credit must be

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given to these Franciscan pioneers who, knowing little of engineering problems, and having at their call only unskilled labor, were able to construct an aquedu fifteen miles long, bringing sufficient water to change 20,000 barren acres into rich pasture land.

It was always one of the duties of the resident fathers to keep books and accounts and to make annual returns to the mission Presidente, stating not only the number of conversions, baptisms, births, marriages and deaths, but as well the amount of stock and grain produced and the value of it. So we know even of this mission, little recorded in history, that in later years over forty thousand head of cattle roamed over its plains and continued to increase so plentifully that as at Purisima, in a time of draught they had to be driven into the bay of Monterey and drowned.

Soledad's one real claim to fame, however, is as the burial place of Governor Arrillaga, an affable, generous, kind-hearted man, most popular with the common soldiers who nicknamed him Papa, and equally popular with the Gente de Razon who were never satisfied with a baptism or wedding that did not see him act as Godfather or groomsman.

On one of his tours of inspection, being seized with a serious illness, he hastened to put himself under the care of his old friend, Padre Ibanez at Soledad, and there, as the records state, he died "a most edifying death." His

body was interred in the center of the church in accordance with the terms of his testament, clothed in the habit of Saint Francis. With profound faith he left $600 to pay for 600 masses for the repose of his soul, to which account the Historian Hittell, mentioning it, unsympathetically adds "600 masses were given at a discount, as the court records show that only $599 was actually paid by the estate."

With such a deep religious feeling Arrillaga was naturally on the best terms with the priests, especially so with Father Ibanez of Soledad—himself something of a character. A broad-shouldered, corpulent, unfriar-like friar, who was exiled to California for knocking down a Spanish officer. Whether for this reason or not, he never extended any privileges to officers visiting Soledad, always making them eat the same food as the neophytes got, saying that the officers had their pay and must live on it, and the neophytes needed for themselves all the mission produced. In contrast he made repeated presents to the common soldiers, all of whom loved him for his charity and at all times he was notably kind to his Indian flock, even unto death, paying their humble remains the same honors as those of the wealthy.

One other of the friars comes down to history, thanks to Robinson, who in his journey spent a night at Soledad, and writes that Padre Sarria was a pious old man who poured out free hospitality to all comers. His charity,

goodness and bigness of character were proverbial and to know the old Padre was a privilege. And this was a man wedded to Poverty—the bride of his youth.

Secularization had an easy task here; for the rain and the sun left to work their own free will, showed themselves pitiless, beating and melting the muddy walls into a shapeless, unrecognizable mass.

There was not an Indian left. The care and discipline of the Fathers being withdrawn, they also rapidly melted away. Take from the prairies hardy wild cattle, confine, feed and fatten them and they are the first to fall before some disease. A civilized horse would kill a dozen of the untamed kind at plowing, whereas free, the wild horse would soon run the tame one to death. So it was with the Indians.

PEARLS OF LORETTO

Wedded to Poverty, accepting with their vows the life and example of Christ which provided "neither gold, nor silver, nor brass for your purse, nor script for your journey," any idea of enriching themselves could never for a moment have entered the thoughts of those early Franciscan friars, but it didn't prevent the laying up of treasures in heaven and they were forever seeking to enrich the church. Once Mother Earth had given of her abundant wealth the Franciscans searched the sea, and after sunrise almost any day you might see

native divers, in charge of a mission major-domo, hard at work. Two by two on frail rafts of tule they would paddle out to the oyster beds where one of the two would drop overboard, having attached to his waist a long cord that was also tied to the raft. Here the diver would labor, a minute under water and a minute of rest, until exhaustion forced him to become the watcher. As soon as the pearl oysters were brought to the shore they were divided into four heaps, one going to the diver, one to the government and the rest to the mission fathers, who, carefully selecting the most beautiful of the pearls, had them convoyed under soldier guard to the mother-mission at Loretto where they were to adorn the robe of the Madonna.

This was the golden age in California when life was one happy holiday, when there was little labor, little care and little trouble—a time of pastoral sensuousness, a time when the idle fair ones worshipped luxury, of these last the fairest of all the fair and the maddest devotee of glittering splendor was Ysabel Herrera. To all her countless suitors entreating her in marriage, she gave the same answer: "I will only marry the man who can fill my lap with pearls."

One night at a Cascarone ball, given at the home of the commandante, Ysabel broke her egg-shell of cologne on the head of a handsome stranger and got kissed by way of retaliation. Before the evening was half over De la

Vega, with the impatient fervor of the Spaniard in love at first sight, found a chance to whisper in her ear, half-hidden by a big red rose nestling in the softly twisted hair.

"Te amo si te amo de veras,
No puedo mas ocultaro,
Para que mi bien collarlo,
Si conociendolo estas."

Flattered and tempted, she nevertheless answered him just as she had answered all the others: "I will only marry the man who fills my lap with pearls." "Then you marry me," was his reply, "for I will give you such pearls as no queen on earth possesses." On her promise to wait he left the room. Going at once to his quarters he aroused his Indian servant, ordering him to saddle four horses and within an hour he and the Indian were riding at full speed toward San Diego, jumping from horse to horse as each of them gave signs of tiring, never stopping until the mission spires of the southern city were sighted. From there on foot they struck down the shore only to be confronted by the impassible spurs of the coast range, and forced to toil back into the labyrinth of mesas and rocky plain. Hemmed in by the mountains they would spend days scouting for a pass and then would come out on great tracts of impenetrable cactus thickets through which they were obliged to hew a pathway with axes. Physically

spent and in rags De la Vega at last reached San Dionisio Bay, where overlooking the quiet waters stood the famous Loretto Mission.

An easy matter for this Machiavellian Spaniard to win the confidence of the simple-minded mission fathers to whom with tearful eye he told how he had made this venturesome journey in penance and expiation of a sinful life. This exhibition of deep religious feeling was strengthened day by day as the holy fathers saw the long hours he spent kneeling before the Virgin. So they gladly gave permission to spend the night in prayer at the grotto of the Saint.

The church was dark except for the flickering flames in cups of oil placed at the feet of St. Loretto. The light centered on the beautiful figure which, dimpled and smiling, fair of skin and hair, was everything that was ideal and adorable to the dusky ignorant savages. Pricelsss pearls were scattered through the luxuriant hair; arms, neck and waist were entwined with ropes of these same sea treasures and her very gown was hidden in a blanket of jewels.

Left alone, De la Vega hurriedly stripped the sacred image of its uncounted wealth and fled into the darkness of the night.

So long had he been gone that Ysabel mourned him as dead and could scarcely believe her senses when, one late afternoon, De la Vega stepped into the patio where

she was seated, and without a word poured into her lap an overflowing pile of the most lustrous pearls ever seen by mortal eyes.

That same night Ysabel appeared at the Custom House ball wreathed in pearls—pearls everywhere; they glistened in her hair, roped her neck and arms, festooned her bodice and twined in hanging loops about her skirt. Naturally all the women crowded about her in admiration and envy, all the men with regret; for they understood that at last her wish had been realized and that to them she was lost. But so marvellously beautiful was Ysabel in her new happiness that when called upon to dance the *el son*, all the young men in sign of forgiveness piled their hats on her head until the headdress was taller than the wearer.

As the grey light of dawn began to streak into the room, just as the fun was at its highest, a travel-stained priest appeared, and rushing up to De la Vega, accused him of vile sacrilege. In the excitement that followed, De la Vega was able to seize his sweetheart and escape from the dance. Running with her to the cliff, he was about to leap into the waters below and swim to the safety of the vessel anchored in the outside harbor, when a shot from the pursuing mob brought him to the ground. Ysabel, made strong by love, lifted him in her arms and sprang from the rocks.

The waters of the bay covered them forever.

CHAPTER XIV

TO MONTEREY—IN DEATH AS IN LIFE, THE HOME OF THE SAINTED FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA

A CONSTANT, persistent breeze—the sort that "sets trees talking"—sweeps the highway out of Soledad, raising clouds of dust that lazily serpentine to the quieter strata above.

The miracle of water has metamorphosed this once arid, treeless valley of which a delver into ancient Indian myths writes a pretty tale: An immense force of hill savages attacked a Christian Indian village near Soledad, but during the night the Mission Indians had retired to the top of the mesa behind the village, where they could the better endure a siege, for it is easier to shoot down than up, and rocks could be rolled upon the enemy when they ventured close. The attacking force made little progress under those conditions, so they surrounded the mesa just out of bow-reach and set a guard to keep the Christian Indians from descending to get food or drink. The Christians had carried up supplies of both, but while the food gave promise of holding out for

two or three weeks, the water jars were soon empty. Then one of the padres who was with them, took a scrap of paper on which he wrote something with a stick of charcoal, placing it under a stone and praying over it. On taking it up, writing had appeared on the other side, apparently telling him what to do, for he called for a sharp splinter of obsidian or volcanic glass, such as the people used for knives and spear-heads, and with it he cut his arm. Water began to run from the gash—clear, refreshing—the parched company gathered and drank and drank, yet still the water flowed. They brought their jars and gourds and filled them. Four or five days later, when the supply was gone the miracle was repeated. At last, believing that the Christians must have inexhaustible resources and that further operations against them would be fruitless, the wild tribes gave up the siege and went back to their homes. Then the neophytes silently descended the craig, awed by the miracle which had saved them and was later to save the country from centuries of drought.

Since the miracle of water this valley has been preemptied by the Swiss, whose wide-range lands stocked with dairy cattle are flowing with cheese and butter. Almost an entire Swiss canton was depopulated by the adventurous spirits who responded to the call of this far-distant land of fortune. Most of them came from forebears desperately poor, and only by painful economies

did they finance the long voyage to California. Diligent and shrewd, with no false idea of race suicide, they have made this bit of country their own.

The Salinas Valley is entered some twenty miles from Soledad, taking its name from the many saline lakes that lurk in the rich bottomland. It is the paradise of sheep, for they daily fatten on the briny lush grass—a paradise when they were brought to dispel nudity which was thought incompatible with right living. So primitive looms were constructed, and the Indians clothed as the first essential to Christianity. To such advocates of nakedness as the Indians, that first initiation into rough woolen weaves must have been only comparable to our first week of Winter's red flannels.

The city of Salinas planted in the middle of this bald plain, is the turn in the road to San Carlos. Happily its blatant Twentieth Centuryism has not been able to entirely erase all of Spain's romantic fingermarks. One of the lagoons nearby is still called Graciosa, named in ridicule of one of Portola's soldiers who, with southern extravagance, called it an elegant sheet of water. And then there is still Las Pulgas, commemorating the visit to the Salinas Indian village, where the visitors were welcomed by a horde of exceptionally active fleas—just a couple of the early landmarks, barely enough to leaven the commercial crust now covering this once care-free country where everything glowed "in the sunset of the

day before yesterday, and with the dawn of the day after to-morrow."

The modern note is forcibly struck by huge beet-sugar refineries which, as the village humorist puts it, "Spreckle" the entire country, almost into Monterey. But after a while the road runs down to a rough, spotty undergrowth, thick with crouching live oaks and Spanish-bearded pines, where the ocean waves break eternally, wave after wave, every moment one.

It is a fit setting for the Mission San Carlos Borromeo.

SAN CARLOS BORROMEO DEL CARMELO DE MONTEREY

It was the Conte de Monterey, viceroy of Spain, who in 1602 outfitted Viscaino for his first voyage of discovery, and in recompense was rewarded by having "that sapphire bay and golden crested beach"—the Monterey of to-day—named in his honor.

More than one hundred and sixty years later, immediately after the foundation of San Diego, Don Gaspar de Portola, by royal command, started out to rediscover this much famed Monterey, but owing to the meager description left by Viscaino, he failed to recognize it, even though actually raising a cross on the bay's "Silvery sands," marking the cross: "*Escarbe al pie y hallaras un escrito*"—("Dig at the foot and you will find a writing")—and they buried a brief account of the expedition,

closing with a prayer to God the All-powerful, to guide them on their way and conduct the navigator, whoever he might be that should find the paper, to the port of salvation. Quite disheartened and chagrined at their apparent failure, the expedition found its weary way back to San Diego where all but sturdy Padre Serra were bent upon abandoning the enterprise and returning to Mexico. But again aroused by Serra's enthusiasm and religious zeal, a second expedition was equipped and in course of time arrived at Punta de Pinos, near which a cross had been erected the preceding year. Father Palou writes that upon approaching this cross they found it surrounded with arrows and feathers, and hung with a sardine and other pieces of flesh. It seems the Indians noticed that the Spaniards always carried on their bosom a radiant cross, and when they beheld this same symbol, erected upon the beach, it seemed to shine with fiery splendour and, as they looked, to grow in size until it filled the whole heaven. Afraid at first to approach it, they finally drew near and made offerings of flesh and fish. Then seeing these were not eaten, they planted arrows and feathers to show they desired peace with this wondrous image and those who had planted it there.

It was immediately and miraculously revealed to Father Junipero that this was the same beautiful port of Monterey discovered in 1602, and it was even given him

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SAN CARLOS MISSION AT CARMEL, SIX MILES FROM MONTEREY

to discover the wide-spreading oak whose branches still kissed the white-capped waves at high tide, under whose boughs mass had been celebrated as related in Viscaino's journal: "And we set up a chapel under an immense oak tree whose spreading branches overhung the beach." Beneath the grateful shade of this same tree mass was again celebrated, the water blessed, and the joyous *Te Deum* chanted. And when the low murmurings of the praying padres had ceased, Gaspar de Portola stepped into the midst of the assembly and amid the boom of cannon took formal possession of the port in the name of God and the King.

This first rough booth of branches erected under Viscaino's oak was transformed into a temporary church and consecrated, but Father Serra soon discovered that there was no soil suitable for cultivation, and he decided to move to the Carmel River, which, also, owed its name to Viscaino who christened the river in recognition of the self-sacrifice of the three barefoot Carmelites who accompanied him, and to serve as a lasting remembrance to our "Lady of the Mount." This change in location has caused the mission to be often known as San Carlos del Rio Carmelo, or merely Carmel Mission, though its rightful title is San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo de Monterey.

San Carlos was of noble parentage and so able to attend the aristocratic university of Parma, which at the

time was notorious for the immoral conduct of its students; but even from early age Carlos resisted temptation of every sort. When he left the university with the help of his uncle, the Cardinal de Medici, he made the great pilgrimage to the Holy Winding Sheet of our Lord, but with incessant fasting and merciless scourging he so weakened himself that he fell an easy prey to the fevers of the East: "a valuable life sacrificed for want of using reasonable precautions to preserve it."

The old-time presidio church at Monterey—San Carlos de Monterey—so often confounded with the Carmel Mission, though dating back to mission times was never properly a mission church. It was the royal chapel, the place of worship for the Governors of California, but when Carmel Mission was abandoned, all the memorials and relics of Serra were transferred here, lending it a mission mantle. In the rear can now be seen the dead trunk of that historic tree near which Viscaino landed and where mass was first celebrated. Some years ago, being injured in the course of city improvements, it was unthinkingly torn up and thrown into the bay. But happily Monterey's parish priest was blessed with a reverence for the past and he rescued the tree, placing it behind his church for all the world to reverence.

San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo stands on an elevation near the sea, so that the bay with its shores and the plain with its groves and meandering river are all

spread out like a panorama, to one looking from the mission.

An outside stairway leads to the church tower where hang six bells, one of which once rang for meals, work and rest, so that the daily routine of the mission went along with such regularity that even the laboring animals understood and obeyed. The morning Angelus summoned all to rise and come to prayers. And one of the padres of San Carlos rang it. Being in delicate health, and not able to refrain too long from his morning chocolate, and of course being forbidden to take any nourishment until mass was said, he always got the whole population in motion long before sunrise and on their way to church. At the second ringing of the bell each neophyte brought his closely-woven basket for his portion of atole—a thick gruel of barley. At the third summons of the bell, just at sunrise, all the neophytes went to work, at which they continued until the eleven o'clock bell rang for the dinner of stewed meat and vegetables. At two, back again to work, until the peal of the Angelus, but every afternoon between three and four, during the heated hours, the padres sent to the fields a burro laden with jars of sweetened water and vinegar to refresh the workers. At five the duties of the day were over and man and beast plodded homeward, where, after vespers and a light supper, sleep spread over the mission and all was quiet.

At the ringing of the Angelus, whether heard within the mission or in the presidio town, no matter what was being done, off went the hat, and a prayer was said. Even gamblers paused in their exciting game, these bells bringing them at once into communion with their Maker —at least in form.

Once upon a time the cloisters were hung with weird pictures of hell and damnation; one showed a king and a monk, up to their middles in the flames of purgatory, their position one of prayer, and their faces wearing a pleasant smile hardly to be expected in the midst of such blistering heat. Another represented a vain beauty with snakes coiled round her arm in the act of biting, and at the rear of the church was once found her epitaph:

"O human skull, where are now thine eyes,
O skull, those eyes with which thou didst try to ensnare;
Where those lips and tongue with which thou didst slander thy neighbor;
Those painted cheeks to beguile,
Hair, neck, shoulders, all has vanished
Like the smoke in the air.
O, vanity of vanities, thy soul is in hell."

The mission was secularized in 1834 and a Mexican agent was sent to Monterey expressly to take charge. He sailed on the brig Natalia, the very vessel upon which Napoleon Bonaparte made his memorable escape from

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SAN CARLOS MISSION IN ITS GLORY

the Isle of Elba. While lying in the harbor of Monterey, a heavy northeaster parted the ship's cable and she drifted ashore where portions of the hull still lie buried in the sand.

All the mission property was divided among the Indians and though it was forbidden to buy from them, yet in one single year they had either sold or gambled away what they could not eat and drink. The padres' spiritual children rapidly sank into vice and degradation, and by 1840 there was nothing left but ruined buildings and the old glory of San Carlos had departed forever.

Stevenson, who lived at Monterey for a while, gives us a word sketch of these mission days: "The day of the Jesuit is gone by and the day of the Yankee has succeeded, and there is no one left to care for the converted savage. The mission church is roofless and ruinous. Sea breezes and sea fogs are daily widening the breaches. Only one day in the year the padre drives over the hills from Monterey, and the little sacristy, which is now the only covered portion of the church, is filled with seats and decorated for the services. The Indians troop in, their bright dress contrasting with their dark and melancholy faces, and here among a crowd of somewhat unsympathetic holiday makers you may hear God served with perhaps more touching circumstance than in any other temple under heaven. An Indian, stone-blind and about eighty years of age, conducts the singing, while

other Indians compose the choir. I have never seen faces more vividly lit up with joy than the faces of these Indian singers. It made a man's heart sorry for the good fathers of yore who have now passed away from all authority in this land."

In still later years these beautiful ruins became the hiding place for idlers and revellers till it was believed that Satan haunted the highway and no one would travel there by night. But one young man on a wager agreed that on the first dark night he would drive "a nail of contempt" in these sacred walls. Reaching the church safely he drove the nail, but as he turned to hasten back, something held him. *Madre de Dios*, 'tis Satan! And the next morning his friends found his dead body standing by the church door, upheld by his serape, one corner of which was fastened to the wall by the very nail he had driven.

Junipero Serra was born on the Island of Majorca in 1713, and almost from babyhood seemed destined to the priesthood. He took the habit of a Franciscan monk at sixteen and even in that early age endeared himself to his superiors by extreme penance and rigid fasting. He studied nothing but the lives of saints and the chronicles of their labors, which produced such a deep impression that he resolved to become a missionary and felt willing if necessary to shed his blood for the salvation of

savage souls, saying: "He that converteth a soul to God shall shine as a star in the firmament of heaven."

When the monestary of San Fernando in Mexico asked for recruits in America, Serra joyfully responded, and the uncomplaining patience with which he suffered the tortures of thirst during this long voyage was a source of inspiration to all. When asked how he went so long without water he replied "I eat little and talk less, and so do not waste my saliva."

The labors of Father Junipero were now approaching their close. It was only surprising that a man so merciless to himself and so extravagant in his religious fervor could have kept on so long. Besides the chain with which he was daily accustomed, in imitation of St. Francis, to scourge himself, he often carried a huge stone into the pulpit, where at the end of his sermon, in what was known as the act of contrition, he would lift the image of the crucified Christ in his left hand and with his right, seizing the stone, strike himself repeatedly on the breast, and with such violence that many of the congregation were afraid he would give himself a fatal blow and fall dead before their very eyes. On some special occasions when preaching upon the subject of purgatory and perdition he would light a large taper having four wicks, open the bosom of his habit and place the burning mass next his flesh. To-day this would be regarded as an

act of a distempered brain; then it was the most forceful manner of reaching and affecting the audience, and to attain this purpose there was nothing which Junipero would not have been willing to endure.

But it was only his great spirit that had kept him up and enabled him to triumph over the weakness of the flesh. Now he knew that the end was near. Desiring to receive the last sacrament he insisted, sick and feeble as he was, upon going to the church, saying that it was not meet that the Lord should come to him. Upon reaching the altar he threw himself upon his knees, remaining there all during the service for the dying. After being given absolution and receiving the holy viaticum, he joined in the *Tantum Ergo*, and a thrill went through the church as Father Junipero's wavering voice repeated that grand old hymn. "He then returned to his cell of adobe where," writes Palou, "he asked for the holy oils and repeated with us the penitential songs and litanies. Expressing a desire to go to rest, we left the apartment, supposing he meant sleep, as he had slept none the night before, but it was the rest which knows no waking."

When the mission bells were tolled announcing his death, the entire population burst into tears, and they crowded around his sleeping apartment, with difficulty stifling their sobs. The body was immediately laid in a coffin which had been prepared the week before by the presidio carpenter at Junipero's own request. Six lighted

tapers were placed about it and the door of the cell was thrown open, and though a storm had arisen and the wind blew, the tapers without a flicker still flamed. The Indian neophytes came in and adorned his bier with flowers, while the Spaniards who pressed around reached out their rosaries that they might be sanctified by contact with the hands of the now blessed father.

At nightfall a procession was formed and the body conveyed to the church where it was placed before the altar. Soldiers were stationed around to protect it from the pious violence of those who sought memorials and relics, but even so it was not possible with all this watching to prevent pieces of his robe and such locks as were left by the tonsure from being cut off and carried away. During the ceremonies at the bier the bells were ceaselessly tolled and every quarter-hour during the entire day the distant boom of a cannon from the presidio was heard, answered by other cannon from the vessels in the harbor. Palou writes that Junipero was honored as if he had been some great General, forgetting that he was much more honored by the tears of his neophytes and the love and devotion of his comrades.

Father Junipero sowed the seed of fruit that is even now being reaped and to him California is forever indebted.

CHAPTER XV

ANOTHER EXCURSION OFF THE ROYAL HIGHWAY INTO THE LAND WHERE SANTA CRUZ ONCE STOOD, WITH THE FABLE OF THE MISSION BELLS

STARTING from Carmel By the Sea there follows a series of marine pictures that few other countries in the world can offer. Most of the way one skirts the shore where the waves come in slowly as though hungering for calm, as Shelley puts it. Then as if in a temper of disappointment they burst with great uproar "up and down the long keyboard of the beach," or in more serene mood pulse and purr along the coast where the silent cypresses, wind-twisted in fantastic contortions, stoop low and cling close to the earth in desperate [illegible] holding ground against the tempest and the sea.

Further along, numberless seal and bird rocks lift their heads above the ocean, that a mile or two beyond beats in winter fury against the point of pines. But Spring brings quiet to this extreme edge of the dunes, and with the gentle breezes come thousands of butterflies that cluster so thickly on the sweet-smelling pines that

the branches bend beneath their weight. In Summer fogs may be in possession of the lower levels: here they will crawl in undulating lines among the shifting, changing sand hills or perhaps spiral skyward like smoke.

Over high cliffs, through Pacific Grove, where the virgin forests glide down to the shore, between rocks and branches, winds the road into the quaint, crooked streets of Monterey—right past the home of Senorita Bonafacio, where still grows the Sherman Rose. Captain William Tecumseh Sherman, so the story runs, was deeply in love with Senorita Maria, and when unexpected orders took him East he brought as a parting gift a beautiful rose bush to plant in her garden, saying that so long as it grew he would be faithful and by the time that it bloomed she would be his bride. Together they planted the rose, vowing to remain true to each other. The rose blooms year after year in fadeless beauty, but Senorita Maria, worn and withered, is still unwed.

Still swinging along the shore one gets a taste of many of the things that make California so individual. A barren coast, with a wilderness of exotic palms and garden fields that have broken into a foam of flowers—surging over porches, gates and roofs, down streets and roads, in a glory of color, sweetening the miles. Watsonville is the center of the big apple orchards and if it be Springtime, they, too, make another vast bridal bouquet.

After that to come suddenly into the presence of those

mighty trees, whose trunks leap three hundred feet toward the sun, is unforgettable. As the soft twilight filters through the closely interlocked branches, swaying in the wind, the eye of imagination glimpses some wonderful old-world cathedral even as the ear of fancv catches the hush of music.

This is not El Camino Real, for all mission landmarks have long gone from Santa Cruz as though they never had been, and the King's Highway from Monterey turns toward San Juan Bautista and Northward to Santa Clara.

But no true lover of nature will stay away on that account.

SANTA CRUZ

It was on September 22, 1791, within sight of the surging ocean that Santa Cruz was founded. And when at sunrise, bells were swung over a bending branch and rung in the presence of the gathered savages, who showed no fear of the white man and apparently no terror at the thundering of the guns fired at the elevation of the cross, it seemed as though perhaps the true significance of the holy emblem was somehow known to this primitive folk, as the sign of the cross goes back to a very remote period, and from the earliest time has had a symbolic religious meaning—all evil spirits from the dawn of the world being afraid of the sign.

SANTA CRUZ MISSION AS IT WAS BEFORE AN EARTHQUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE WRECKED IT IN 1840

St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, on her voyage to Jerusalem, was the one who found the cross. As a heavenly revelation had given her confidence that she would be able to discover the Saviour's tomb, she had vowed to rid the holy sepulchre of the accumulations of rubbish heaped upon it and to destroy the pagan buildings profaning the site. In the excavations that followed, three crosses were found, and all were puzzled as to how they should distinguish the Saviour's cross from that of the two thieves. But joining in prayer to God for help, the true cross was declared, for a woman at the point of death was brought to the cross of the two thieves and made to touch them, one after the other, but to no purpose, and then she was carried to her Saviour's cross and was immediately conscious that her sickness was removed.

"*O Crux ave spes unica*"—("Hail thou Cross, our only hope; behold the wood of the cross upon which the Saviour of the world was extended; let us come and adore.")

After considerable delay, as the needed church ornaments were not on hand and they could not go ahead until they borrowed them, the cornerstone of the Santa Cruz church was laid with the usual ceremony. A cross was first planted on the ground where the altar was to be, and the salt and water to exorcise the evil spirits, were blessed. First taking the salt, the priest prays that it may have sufficient influence to destroy the malice of

Satan. Next he takes the water, that its virtue, like the salt, may be able to destroy the power of the devil and his angels, after which he places the salt in the form of a cross within the vessel of water, and sings "Set O Lord a mark of salvation on this place. Do not suffer the destroying angel to enter into it," all the while sprinkling the spot where the cross stands. Finally addressing himself to God in prayer through the mediation of the particular saint to whom the church is consecrated, he blesses the cornerstone in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Despite so glorious a birth, the mission early sickened and died, due largely to the evil effects of the pueblo Branciforte, established by Marques de Branciforte, viceroy of Mexico, who thus thought to immortalize his name. But the settlers were all of the vagabond and criminal class: two Spaniards, one Mestizo, two Negroes, eight Mulattoes, nine Indians and a Chinaman—a mysterious tangle of all kinds of available ancestry, and a compound of many simples, as Jacques says of his Melancholy. It was a scandal to the country and a deathblow to the mission. The padres bitterly complained that the bad example of these dissolute settlers compelled them to severely discipline their Indian children much more frequently than usual, as they absented themselves from prayers, refused to work and ran away at every opportunity.

Most of the Indians profited nothing by being repri-

manded and had to be whipped. Curiously enough, when whipped they had the choice of a scourge of rawhide or one of stinging hazel twigs, which was applied to the culprit, stretched face downward on the ground. All severe punishments were administered within the guard house, but slight misdemeanors were corrected every Sunday after mass with six or eight lashes, after which the sinner went in submission to kiss the hand of the padre, who watched from the church door. After being punished, one of the Indians is said to have torn off his shirt and flung it at the feet of the priest, saying: "Padre, take back thy Christianity," but most of them accepted a dozen blows with indifference, absolute, yet hardly to be wondered, considering the extreme torture they underwent as boys, whipped with nettles until their skins were enflamed to rawness, and then carried to a nest of stinging ants and laid on top while the insects were annoyed with sticks to render them more furious. When able to suffer all this with patience, the boy was considered a man.

The old mission buildings have now disappeared completely—and the convict settlement also that helped to bring about the downfall.

MISSION BELLS

Henry Fitch, though a young sailor of Puritan forefathers, led the same heedless, daredevil life as most sea folk, and was always in love with some pretty face. But

when he met the beautiful Dona Josefa, whose great dreamy eyes were filled with the joy of life, he knew that at last he had seen the only face in all the world, and at once resolved that if it were possible he would make her his wife. Learning to his great surprise that it was considered improper in this Spanish land to ask for a lady's hand in person, he had to content himself with sending the regulation letter to Joaquin Carrillo, her father, making his request, and then to pass the ten days of waiting, demanded by etiquette before a reply would be sent.

The parents, though greatly doubting the wisdom of marriage with a foreigner, reluctantly gave their consent, and preparations were made for an early wedding. The appointed day finally came and the finest horse in the country was saddled, and Fitch took up before him his future God-mother, and the future God-father took up the bride before him and away galloped the four at full speed. The women of the wedding party, in wagons decorated with colored silken handkerchiefs and flowers, trailed after, while all the men slowly cantered along on horseback. Glad shouts and the firing of muskets announced their arrival at the church.

Immediately the bridal couple, followed by bridesmaids, groomsmen, witnesses and friends, approached the altar and the two lovers knelt before the waiting padre. But hardly had they done so when Dona Josefas'

uncle, the legal witness to the wedding, in a loud voice withdrew his consent to this union of a heretic and a daughter of the true church, making it impossible for the padre to proceed with the ceremony, even though his sympathies were all with the young people, as he amply proved when the dejected pair later came to him for advice and help. He it was who told them of other countries where no such difficulties existed, even assisting them in the elopement planned by their friends, and personally placing Dona Josefa in charge of the ship captain's wife, a very human little body who mothered this lonely, timid girl all during the long voyage to South America, even remaining in Peru so that she could stand at her side in the old Cathedral, where she was given in holy matrimony to the man of her choice.

After spending nearly two years in New England the young bride, who had married against her parents' wishes, longed for a reconciliation, and inducd her husband to take both herself and her baby boy on the long journey back to the land of her birth. Immediately on arrival Fitch was arrested, as having violated the laws of the territory and his wife was taken to the home of her parents in disgrace. The little pueblo was all agog with excitement. Never before had such a thing occurred, though the law forbidding marriage to foreigners had long been on the statute books. Morning, noon and night this heretical marriage was the subject of conver-

sation in every household, until it became necessary to convene an ecclesiastical court to pass upon the legality of the wedding. After a long session with many arguments pro and con, the court decided that the marriage was valid, but considering the great scandal caused by Fitch, he was condemned in penance and as reparation to present a bell to the church.

Thus the mission got its first bell.

CHAPTER XVI

BACK AGAIN TO THE ROYAL HIGHWAY AND THE INTERESTING STORY OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

MONTEREY TO SAN JUAN

BACK at Salinas again, the "T" in the road extends one arm in the direction of Monterey, the other towards San Juan, just beyond those hazy mountains, scarcely seven miles away.

In the near distance is Fremont Peak, the highest of the Gabilan Range. Gabilan, by the way, is a corruption of the Spanish Gavilan, meaning hawk, expressive of height. This was the peak ascended by Captain John Fremont in defiance of the Mexican authorities who had ordered him to leave the territory. As the explorer looked down from his point of vantage, and saw the warlike preparations directed against him, he wrote his well-known historic message. "I am making myself as strong as possible, with the intention that if we are unjustly attacked, we will fight to extremity and refuse quarter, trusting to our country to avenge our deaths." Then throwing up earthen works around his camp he raised the

Stars and Stripes—for the first time on Californian soil: in effect an act of war, for which it is quite impossible to find adequate defense, except on the theory that Fremont had been sent into the country for the deliberate purpose of making trouble. The remains of the breast works overgrown with weeds and even the stump of the tree on which the flag was raised, can still be seen. Clematis hangs its long scaling ladder over the escarpment and the abatis is filled by scrub oak and manzanita.

The view from here is superb. To the South is the Salinas Valley—the largest in the coast range; on the West is Monterey Bay, whose ceaseless ocean rumble is muffled by distance; while San Juan Valley, called the most beautiful, rolls far northward. The beauty of the whole thing is overpowering. The poet that lives in nearly every soul arouses within you and you feel like withdrawing to that valley nook or peaked promontory to commune with Nature. But restrain yourself, because out from a rocky somewhere will crawl a real estate agent to ask how you like the climate and take one dollar down as a first payment on some fruit ranch. And not so far-fetched is this, for in the days of frenzied land scheming—not entirely ended—the accepted program in California was to take from any optimistic buyer whatever small percentage of the purchase price he might be able to give, and then abandon him to his devices, bad enough at times, though again and again with that

phenomenal and singular fertility of the Californian soil the seemingly worthless earth would sprout masses of tomato vines that would grow (so they say) 19 feet high, forcing the astonished farmer to pick his "fruit" from a step-ladder!

The polished highway runs through the center of the town of San Juan, whose only too apparent commercial scale of values gives no hint of the poetry of the plaza, just one short block away, where as if wafted on the magic carpet of the mythical Persian, one is transported to another time and another world. Here was staged much of California's romantic history.

There lingers here more of the atmosphere of the olden times than is to be found in any other place in California. Locust trees wall it about. Sunlight fills it, and shadow, and quietness. It is the sleepiest, dreamiest place in the world, an authentic relic of bygone days. It seems that Mrs. Helen Jackson, visiting it some years ago, selected San Juan as the setting for her "Ramona," but some garrulous, gossipy old woman, not being able to drag out the secret of why she especially wanted her house, refused to rent, allowing her to depart, and so San Juan lost its one chance for novelistic fame.

The first adobe, as usual, was built to garrison the soldiers. It is now the Plaza Hotel, and across the entire length of the facade, at the second floor level runs an overhanging wood balcony, acting as hallway for all the

second-story rooms which open upon it with shuttered door. Difficult to realize that in this sleepy plaza were staged so many of the gaieties of the "golden days." But it's the same hotel from whose side balcony the aristocrats looked down upon the revelings below, outwardly little changed, though the passing automobilist is now the only guest and the feminine heads that peer from out the latticed doors no longer wear the *mantilla* that added such interest to the ugliest face and made a Madonna out of every pretty one; but instead only the dusty motor bonnet covered with fluttering veils.

The earliest hotel registers have been carefully preserved, and they bear the historic names of many a celebrity from both the Spanish and later Mexican régimes. There is something rather sad in this consciousness of having fallen from high estate and being obliged to bolster up one's pride by talking of what used to be.

Nearby is the Castro House, even more attractive, withdrawn as it is behind its line of trees. Here the "Rose of the Rancho," the beautiful daughter of the house, used to dance the *Bamba*, that most difficult of Spanish dances, liked above all by Senorita Castro, who with a clever flirting of her silken shawl could easily hint at the handsome roundings of her naked arms and draw admiration to her tiny feet. Here it was when Commander Sloat made his memorable landing at

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SAN JUAN BAUTISTA MISSION

Monterey, raising the Stars and Stripes over the Custom House, signallizing the passing of California from Mexican rule. Here meetings were held with General Castro and excited speeches were made advocating revolutionary methods that brought for the first time the war-like fife and drumming to the peaceful life of the inhabitants of the old mission town.

At nightfall the loiterers still leisurely stroll about the plaza to be stared at—and then in turn to sit beneath the locust boughs to stare.

It gives a feeling of peace, this old Spanish-Mexican town. And it makes a fitting home for the Mission of San Juan Bautista.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

When one pauses long enough to remember that the word "mission" comes from the Latin "*mitto*," meaning "I send," San Juan Bautista—St. John the Baptist—is peculiarly fitting as a mission name. Yet San Juan is the fifteenth pearl of the mission chaplet, not having been founded until June 24, 1797, on St. John's Day, when it was dedicated to that glorious precursor of Jesus Christ, who went before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways, by giving knowledge of salvation unto the people for the remission of their sins.

Work upon the various buildings was immediately begun and the church cornerstone set in place in 1803,

though the finished building was not dedicated until 1812. It took fifteen years and hundreds of workmen to complete the task. Just how many hundreds it is for the mathematically-inclined to determine. All that one requires is the patience to count the tiles and adobes in the buildings and then, with 40 adobes or 31 tiles per diem per Indian as divisor, the problem is simple; for the number of adobes to be made a day was fixed by the authorities after a strike of the Indian workers who at first were compelled to make 50, soldiers standing by until the "task" was finished. All might have gone well had not the plutocrats of the day enlarged the adobe moulds when the Indians revolted. But then the government had to take a hand. So you see, history only keeps on repeating itself. Adobes were made of mud, straw or some rough grass, mixed with the blood of bulls or liquified manure, thoroughly kneaded by hand or foot, moulded and dried in the sun. Interesting to see imprinted on some of these adobe bricks the foot-marks of wolves and mountain lions who after nightfall, curiously inclined, prowled about and over the strange objects left out to dry.

The original plan of this mission was typical of them all; an enclosing court, with the church at one corner; but the church differs architecturally from all other mission churches, having not only a chancel separated from the nave by a great arch, but transepts as well as

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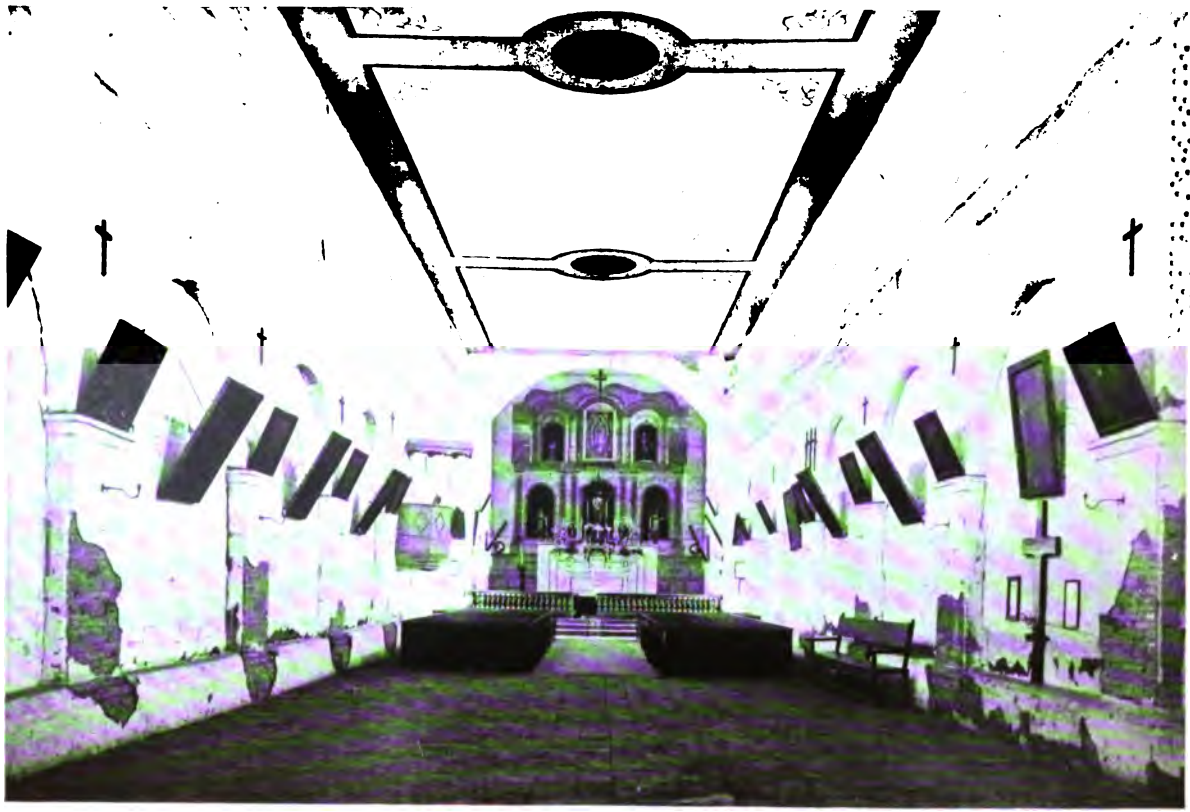

THE INTERIOR OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTA MISSION

nave. The transept arches are to-day filled in, except the two nearest the altar which according to the resident priest, have been blocked up since the first earthquake in 1812 cracked all the adobe walls and compelled everybody—friars and Indians, to sleep out-of-doors for safety.

Appropriation by covetous Mexico, amiably called secularization, was claimed to be a success here at San Juan, as the Indians made tolerably good use of their freedom; but the marks of that destroying period will require many years and much money if they are ever to be effaced. The church proper has been dismantled and is no longer in use for services, though in the chancel still stands the gaudily-colored reredos with six eyeless sockets where once were figures of saints shedding light upon the world. This reredos is credited to one Thomas Doak, a Yankee sailor man, hailing from Boston, the first American to settle officially in California. Apparently he was the forebear of California's much discussed cheap labor, for in comparison with him a real artist who asked sixty cents a day for the same work was considered a grasping monopolist. As the records have it, Thomas Doak, by the help of God and some muchados —Indian boys—achieved the altar decorations at San Juan Bautista.

Still fixed to the side-wall is the quaint old box of a pulpit, from which Father Arroyo is said to have thundered at the Indians in thirteen native dialects—

one hopes not all at the same time, though the parish books give the names of forty-two Indian tribes belonging to this mission, speaking twenty-nine dialects and thirteen different languages.

A jolly old soul was Father Arroyo de la Cuesta, who lightened, with many a whimsical comment, the tedious labor of preserving in book form these various Indian dialects. "The best way," he writes, "to see and hear a new dialect is to associate mostly with old ladies—and some young ones—for you must see it as well as hear it, as in talking it is necessary to mouth your speech, working the teeth just as you would when eating, and," he adds, "after half an hour's talking I get hungry." Again he writes that "a verb with no past tense is above my comprehension, but I will ask God's help and will learn, though it takes bloody tears." Once he learned the language of a tribe he would at once teach the simplest of the religious truths, finally bringing the whole tribe under the protecting cloak of the church. But the first language of this padre was a little music box which he would load on the back of a sturdy mule, and carry to some faraway Indian settlement; there he would set it up in some prominent place and rapidly turn the crank. When the Indians first heard the strange noises they fell upon their faces with fear, but as the music continued their fear left them and they began to enjoy the sweet sounds, ending by slowly approaching and gathering

about the padre, listening to the wonderful song-box with delight. Then Padre Arroyo, just at the right moment, always turning the crank, would reload the mule and, like the Pied Piper of Hamlin, wend his way back to the mission, all the Indians following after.

This is probably the very organ given to the mission San Carlos by Vancouver on his second trip, as it is of English make, being built in London in the early 1700's. After years of use the organ lost its voice and lay neglected in the mission storeroom until a wandering tinker, announcing that he was a music tuner, asked for something to eat. Put to work on the old music box he brought back to life its long disused voice, and to-day among the mission relics it still speaks, somewhat huskily to be sure and even hesitatingly, as if feeling ashamed at being forced to play "Go to the Devil" amid such holy surroundings. Probably none of the old padres was able to read English, and so in all blissful ignorance they would crank out "The Siren's Call" or "The Hungarian Chicken" with deep religious solemnity.

Of all missions San Juan is probably the richest in relics, and here in the museum, just alongside the old English organ, may be seen a crude reed dovecote that once hung on the church ceiling, and from which on Whitsunday or Pentecost was released a white dove to hover over the kneeling Indians below, commemorating the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles. You will

be shown gorgeous vestments worth a fortune, but which no fortune can buy. Then a copper bowl fluted like a shell, formerly suspended over the hand-hewn stone font in the Baptistry, so arranged that the holy water would drip, drop by drop, on the Indians' heads bowed for the sacramental cleansing. It is quaintly recorded that in this bowl an Indian girl lost her pagan name, being christened Jesusa.

You will find much mass music in picturesque volumes, faultlessly written, with each voice indicated in a different color, so that some might raise their hearts to God in red notes of love, while others sang their sorrows in notes of blue. What a reflection upon modern ways and manners that these vellum-bound books and other relics must now be kept behind wire netting to protect them from destructive fingers that itch to write their names on sacred books or to break off the noses and ears of Saintly statues and carry them away as souvenirs.

But "to-morrow we die," and just outside the Baptistry where all were born in Christ, is the consecrated ground where thousands in their last sleep lie in the arms of Holy Church, shaded by century-old olive trees still "flaunting" their gray-green foliage. Never working mentally, never worrying, always fatalists, the Indians were seldom grey at the time a white man usually went to his grave. The official records make mention of several over 120 years of age. One old neophyte was

honored by being buried in habit, hood and cordon of San Francis, as he had bequeathed to the padre eight dollars and all his poultry. Another entry tells how Christian burial was denied to Manuel, the husband of Monica, since he made himself unworthy by his scandalous habits, being constantly intoxicated with *pispibata.* It seems as though all mankind would have their alcohol in some form, and the Indians of California insisted upon their *pispibata,* a mixture made of powdered calcined glass, wild tobacco juice and cherries, which was stirred over a slow fire until it almost solidified. Into this mess the savages would dip their forefingers which they licked with a smack of satisfaction. It is horribly powerful, equal, they say, to a mixture of rum and opium, if one can imagine what that could be, and after two or three "licks" an Indian would fall back dead-drunk—or just dead, if a little too much had been taken. Strange to say, the wild tobacco plant that paralyzed their bodies and took their souls into the realms of supernatural happiness is still growing just along the wall of the cemetery where so many of them now lie in their last sleep.

All Indians believed that the soul lived after deatn, but just as the Japanese, that the spirits needed help on their journey, and so the graves at San Juan are littered with all sorts of rubbish which their childlike minds thought might be useful.

Along the wall of the cemetery is a bit of original El Camino Real, the only strip that remains just as it was when the padres toiled over the dusty way. Beyond, out in the valley are a few of the old pear trees, a remnant of the once vast orchard that in the late fall clothed this vale with a carnival garb of flaming red and orange.

Lingering aromas of former days!

Greed—Mexico by name—hiding beneath the specious cloak of justice appears upon the scene with an itching desire to get her hand upon the rich Pious Fund.

This fund was an endowment intended for use in the spread and maintenance of the Catholic religion in California, and the mother-country, Spain, started the bad example of misuse when Don Gaspar de Portola and Junipero Serra were sent to the California coast in 1769—a purely political move on the part of Spain to prevent the Russians from acquiring territory. Yet Spain labeled it religious, saying: "May the Lord guide this expedition to success as the undertaking is entirely His." Bearing this religious tag Spain claimed it was only just to defray the expenses from the Pious Fund.

Like mother like daughter, only more so, for Mexico was never satisfied with merely drawing against the income, but boldly confiscated principal and all at the first opportunity, asserting there was no longer necessity for such a fund, as the Indians were already converted

and now needed to have their freedom. Of course, they gave the Indians some little land and a few cows, but ignorance, indolence and love of gambling soon got these possessions away. The mission Indians half civilized and half savage were always the victims. A more pitiful sight, says an early writer, has seldom been seen than these helpless, dependent creatures suddenly deprived of their teachers and protectors. Some of the friars stayed at the missions to the end of their lives, able to do little except through example, while others, unable to bear the humiliation and the sense of failure, fled the country.

Father Peyri was early disheartened. Zealous though he was and willing to nourish his savage young with his own life blood, he was constantly being met with insurmontable difficulties. Shorn of all power he was not allowed even to lift up his voice in protest, much less to oppose the ill treatment accorded his former charges, who before his very eyes were robbed of their land, cheated out of their little money, lured on to drink and vice, and then hired out to farming overseers who maltreated and exploited them in every possible way without a single restraining hand. With no means of his own, living on the charity of the government, doled out by the agent in charge only when the whim seized him, Father Peyri could see little hope in the future, and believing he might be of more use elsewhere, planned to leave the

country. Wishing to leave without the Indians' knowledge he stole off secretly at night, riding to the nearest port in hopes of finding a vessel to carry him away. Unaccustomed as were all the Franciscan Fathers to horseback riding, it was late the following morning before he reached the desired harbor, and long before that the Indians had discovered his departure and almost crazed with grief, at once saddled their horses and raced at full speed in the direction which doglike they knew Father Peyri had taken. With unerring instinct they rode straight to the beach where just beyond the last line of breakers rolled a brig at anchor. Even as they approached sails were being unfurled and preparations made for departure. Soon the ship wore about to catch the early afternoon breeze astern and as she turned, the Indians caught sight of a well-known figure in brown standing at the bow. With one accord they jumped from their horses and plunged into the surf. Strong swimmers though they were, it seemed an impossible task to overhaul the boat now fast gaining headway. Two, however, managed to reach the vessel's side and begged so hard to be taken aboard that unable to withstand their pleadings, Father Peyri gave consent.

Fate decreed that this boat should sail to Italy where she arrived after a tedious four months' voyage. During all the long waking hours when not at his devotions, Father Peyri instructed these two Indian lads, pouring

out all the treasures of his mind with so genuine a fervor that the seed of knowledge blossomed into goodly fruit. On reaching Rome one of the Indians elected to become a priest, and for many years he lived near the Vatican, a sainted savage.

CHAPTER XVII

ALONG THE WAY TO SAN JOSE AND THE MISSION SANTA CLARA, DEDICATED TO THE POOR CLARES.

SPEEDING along "on high," that will surely carry our motor to Gilroy, twelve miles away, in less than half an hour, the picture of the road, as it was, say seventy-five years ago, inevitably flashes before one's eyes. Father Palou wrote that it was a good road, but that must have been religiously speaking, for he was then traveling his "path of glory," and he only meant that through this level valley Nature had interposed no obstacle and had left an open route for all wild creatures, two or four footed—a trail that may have existed for centuries.

How the procession changes with the passing years! First came the pioneer missionaries, the Franciscan Fathers, humbly traveling afoot from mission to mission, then the care-free Spanish couriers on gaily accoutered horses, possibly followed by slow-moving strings of stately Spanish mules or balky little Mexican burros, those beasts of burden that carried the good padres' exports of hide and tallow. Later, Indian herders with

droves of cattle and companies of Spanish soldiers with royal officials—even brigands, perhaps. Again later, the stout careta with its ponderous running gear propelled by oxen, with yokes firmly lashed behind wide-spreading horns. Now the motor car which in less than half an hour travels the same distance that a careta in 1851 leaving Gilroy at midnight would not cover before high mass the next morning—ten hours for a twelve-mile trip.

At Gilroy is found another of those "largest seed farms in the world," which says it with flowers to the uttermost parts of the earth—with immaculate white roses to the queens of Purity; passion flowers for those who would express hatred, or jasmine and red pinks to the coquettes and the jealous ones of the world.

Beyond Gilroy is apple orchard country, where the first prize for the most tempting apple most appropriately went to the little town of Eden.

Six miles further is San Jose, particularly interesting as the first town established in California, and not only the first town, but the site where the first government of the state was established under American rule. According to Markham, the early days were happy-go-lucky ones, when it was felt more necessary to strum the guitar and shuffle the cards than irrigate the ground and discourage weeds. But then, the country being under military rule, the corporal of the guard might fall upon any shirking farmer and the hands that loved to wander

over instruments of music were left dangling from the port-holes of the public pillory, and the feet that loved to glide in the old Castillian dances were clamped in irons. But San Jose has long ago lived down those vagabond days and is now a thriving city, its twenty square miles, beautiful with broad avenues and shady walks all lined with paradise roses in which it is said thorns were unknown until after the "fall," though mythology asserts that they were the fault of Cupid who, when ecstatically kissing a new-blown rose, was stung by a bee thus rudely awakened from sweet sleep in the heart of the flower. Venus, to placate her petulant Cupid, had to string his bow with captured bees and plant along the rose stem the "stings" torn from them.

San Jose is well known as the home of the Lick Observatory, where lies the proof that a man of science can at the same time be a man of sentiment; for the donor of this observatory, by will, decreed that at his death he should be buried directly beneath the telescope, through which in life he had gazed for over twenty years, day and night.

Between San Jose and the Mission Santa Clara runs the Alameda, a grove of poplars planted by the same fathers who built the mission, so as to prevent the San Joseians from offering the hot sun as an excuse for absenting themselves from church service. Thanks to their protecting branches the people would arrive at the

mission cool and refreshed in a fitting mood to listen to the heated diatribes of Padre Catala.

SANTA CLARA

The great plain in which now stands the Mission Santa Clara, was one time covered with thick lush grass through which swarmed immense herds of elk, deer and antelope, attracting the attention of the padres from the very first. Let it not be forgotten that the Franciscans, while men of deep spirituality, were at the same time possessed of a keen insight into material possibilities. Every one of the missions, from San Diego to Sonoma, lies in some beautiful fertile valley through which runs an ever present supply of water; and the wealth of the missions all came from the ability of the padres to scientifically supply this water to the land, making the waste places bloom, over night, into fields of green. They must have carried a divining rod, for the Santa Clara Valley is famed throughout the world. It is, probably, the richest in the state, bearing great harvests of grain, while every species of European fruit thrives luxuriantly in it.

Early in 1777 a chapel was erected and sanctified, and as soon as Father Murguia, the associate missionary, arrived, the church itself was begun, Padre Murguia acting as architect as well as builder. Stone by stone he watched the church rise to completion, little realizing

that this loving care and unceasing labor were being squandered upon his own mausoleum. Only four days after the church was dedicated, God touched Padre Murguia with His finger and he still sleeps beneath the tile flooring of the sacred edifice.

It is said that this is the site first selected for the Mission San Francisco, and that a cross was raised and actually dedicated to the Padre Serafico, though later, with true Spanish politeness, rededicated to the Madre Serafica, Santa Clara, foundress of the first community of Franciscan nuns. Perhaps bored by the vain frivolities of her aristocratic life and falling under the wonderful influence of Saint Francis, she was seized with the holy desire to become a sister of the church. Going to a convent she fell on her knees and implored them to receive her. In a paroxysm of devotion she tore off her jewels, divested herself of her silken brocades and velvets and bowed her head to the shears that were to cut off her beautiful long hair. A coarse grey habit was hastily flung over her and trembling with joy she found herself enrolled in the ranks of the champions of Poverty, where she became as famous for her austerity and piety as before for her wit and beauty. Her religious title is Santa Clara de Assisi, Virgen y Matriarca de su Celeberima Religion, a somewhat high-sounding title for the head of the "poor Clares."

Chance decreed that Santa Clara was to be materially

THE PRESENT SANTA CLARA CHURCH

benefited by the edict requiring the padres to assume the temporalities. When they hopefully set to work to gather up the fragments remaining from secularization they soon discovered that the old mission was destined to become a most prosperous parish church. In 1851 they succeeded in establishing the Santa Clara college, chartered with all the rights and privileges of a university, which soon grew to such large proportions that it was necessary to either tear down the old mission or renovate it out of all semblance to its former self. The hand of the restorer has been somewhat guided by reverence for the past, and there still lingers for the sympathetic seeker a slight trace of the ancient flavor, despite the two modern dormitories winging the church on either side. Fronting the mission is a memorial cross boxing within it the original crucifix, and to the casual observer the interior is much as it was in the old days, with many of the old furnishings and sacred relics still to be seen.

No one better deserves a name in history and a place in heaven than Padre Magin Catala, to whom are popularly attributed certain miraculous powers, on the strength of which the church of Santa Clara was recommended for beatification. He loved to engage in hand-to-hand conflicts with his arch enemy, Satan, at whom he would scream, and spar with his fists until the devil was so frightened that he dare not come near him. One day, while "blessing the country with his presence" he un-

thinkingly walked out among the wild cattle. With eyes fixed upon his Holy Book, his soul communed with heaven. "Have a care, good Father," shouted a neophyte. "He for whom God cares, my son, himself need have no care," answered Padre Magin, and he raised his eyes only to encounter a threatening mad bull. But he at once lowered his book and continued to read. When the beast bellowed menacingly the padre began to sing a hymn. Enraged but the more the beast tore up the earth with his pawing, throwing dirt on the sacred vestments of the priest, and with head down charged at him. All held their breath, fearing the good padre would be gored to death. "Peace! peace! malignant spirit," said the padre, and the mad bull immediately stopped, dropped his head and trotted away, overcome by the power of God as evidenced in his servant.

It is told of the same good padre that once when millions of locusts settled on the fields and orchards of Santa Clara, eating away every trace of verdure, he ordered a half-dozen of them to be caught and brought to him. At once putting on his vestments and placing the locust before him he recited a few prayers and then sent them back to the fields from whence they were brought. In a few moments all those millions of locusts rose in a body and flew away plunging into the sea, and the next day the beach was covered three inches deep with dead locusts washed ashore by the waves.

When the time came that will come to all of us he asked two pious Indians to stay with him, telling them that he would die that night. "Watch the heavens," he said, "and when you see the 'morning sky' appear, let me know." With that he slept until aroused by one of the Indians who whispered that the sky had appeared. "It is time then for the priests to come and pray with me," he answered. "The end is here."

And the finger of God touched him, too.

LA POSADA (THE INN) AND LOS PASTORES (THE SHEPHERDS)

In the days of Caesar Augustus there went forth a decree that all the world should be enrolled and out of Galilee into Judea came the Blessed Virgin and her spouse, St. Joseph, to be inscribed for taxation. They found Bethlehem so full of people, who had come from all parts of the world for the same purpose, that they wandered hither and yon without being able to gain admittance to any inn or tavern. There being no room for them in Bethlehem, they left the town and came to a cave on the eastern hill, which served as a place of refuge for the shepherds and their flocks, against the inclemency of the weather. Here Mary and Joseph took shelter in a manger.

At sunset on Christmas Eve the mission bells ring out a merry chime and all the windows glow with streaming light, but when night comes the lights are extinguished

and every window is dark. Then there is a sudden flare as the neophytes gather within the quadrangle, each with lighted torch in hand. They quickly form in procession and with a statue of the Blessed Virgin seated on an ass, and another representing St. Joseph on foot, carried in front, they start on a long march, singing of the wanderings of Joseph and Mary. With solemn step they make the circuit of the inner court, then out through the big gate and around the outside walls as far back to the hills well beyond the mission confines, finally returning to the front of the church which is found dark and closed. Joseph and Mary, in plaintive key, beg for admittance, but a chorus of voices behind the door refuse to unlock it. Then Mary and Joseph, always in song, complain that the night is bitterly cold and that the wind is blowing fiercely. Again and again these unknown pilgrims ask for admittance, and again and again they are refused. At the last refusal, Mary, in a final verse, reveals the fact that she is the Queen of Heaven, and the doors fly open to the chant of the Rosary and the litany of the Blessed Virgin.

Just before midnight, still with lighted torches in hand, the procession moves to the altar, where bends the Virgin Mother in wonder and love over her new-born babe.

"There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry."

Led by the Angel Michael, a company of shepherds enter, dressed in sheepskin, with crooks in hand.

"Lo, peace on earth, glory be on high,
Listen, listen to the gladness of the cry."

Angels dressed in white with golden wings appear upon the scene:

"Then to the long expectant earth,
Glad angels come to greet His birth."

In the wake of the angels comes a venerable white-bearded hermit with tattered missal and long, sin-chastising lash, while sneaking in behind are seven imps, representing the seven deadly sins, dressed in long, black cloaks. They endeavor to hinder the work of redemption, for this is a mimic battle between Lucifer and the Archangel St. Michael. As soon as the hermit, beguiled by the tempter, stakes his soul and loses, Lucifer, emboldened by success, tries his wiles upon the holy shepherds, but there he meets Michael, who recognizes him, and quailing under the eye of that invincible angel, Lucifer is obliged to fly.

The end comes in the complete victory of the good angels over the evil spirits, with the fulfilment of the prophetic message of glad tidings brought to the shepherds.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given; and his name shall be called Wonderful, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

It was St. Francis, Patriarch of Assisi, the most beloved among the saints of God, who, with the consent of Pope Honorius, made the first scenic representation of the place of nativity, constructing the first crib and grouping around it the figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the ass, the ox and the shepherds who came to adore the new-born Saviour. So what more natural than that his followers, the pioneer Franciscan Fathers, should piously teach their Indian children not only the Posada, in preparation for the great festival of Christmas, but as well the miracle play of Los Pastores.

CHAPTER XVIII

A LITTLE JOURNEY FROM SAN JOSE TO SAN JOSE, WITH A RECITAL OF CALIFORNIA'S GREAT ROMANCE

FROM SAN JOSE TO SAN JOSE

SCARCELY fifteen miles separates the city of San Jose from the village of the Mission San Jose, yet in meaning and influence the two are a century apart, and no one can attempt to understand the division until well away from the bustling turmoil of the modern city and out amid the quiet of the vineyards and orchards, where the roadside is bordered with heavenly yellow blossoms, the great grandchildren, mayhap of those mustard seeds that the Franciscan Fathers flung from side to side, as they traveled, marking the trail for future wanderings.

In the sound of "Milpitas," the first village on the way, there is a gentle music that at once softens the discord of the big city left behind, and attunes one to the benedictions of this Eden land where men "live at peace with the skies and at friends with the good green earth." Just now the good green earth is a riot of color, a land of

fire as it was called in the early days when the pioneers first saw it, ablaze with orange-colored poppies—that most ardent blossom of the fields, of which Miller sings:

"The golden poppy is God's gold,
The gold that laughs not in the town,
But singing, laughing, freely spills
Its hoards far up the happy hills;
Far up, far down at every turn."

All leads one to remember that when the Te Deum Laudamus of the mass was chanted at the foundation of La Mision San Jose, it was within a booth adorned from floor to ceiling with the many wild flowers with which all the fields for miles about were prodigally covered.

Only as a mission home could this little town have continued to exist, shut out and cut off as it is from all worldly influence.

All unconsciously perhaps those saintly Franciscan Padres acted not alone as pioneers, but as promoters; for whatever pious phrases might be on the lips of the California governors, their pocketbooks were never opened unless some political as well as religious object was to be attained.

Governor Borica very frankly admitted that a mission at San Jose might convert the bay Indians and permit him to reduce his soldier guard in numbers, saving

thousands of reals; and so far as the government was concerned, that was the only reason for the foundation in 1797 of Le Mision del Glorioisimo Patriarca Senor San Jose—St. Joseph, foster-father of our Lord.

But this political goal on the part of the government was not out of harmony with the religious aims of the friars who found temporal discipline indispensible to the best work of Christianization, as the Indians, being children of fear, were at first always more strongly appealed to by the glistening of the sword than by the voice of the priests—so writes one of the fathers.

For this same reason it was deemed strategically wiser to establish the mission in the foothills overlooking the south end of the San Francisco Bay, some fifteen miles north of the town which bears its name, and which even by Californians is still believed to be the Mission home, but to-day's little religious community is known as the Village of the Mission San Jose not wishing to be confused with the worldly modern town of similar name.

As a frontier post the mission was constantly visited by that roaming band of trappers which at the time overran the West, and being as well the last safe retreat for fugitives from justice, it brought into the ordinarily spiritual routine a slight leaven of secular excitement that spread its rumors to even far-away Salt Lake City, and encouraged one of the mormon missionaries to believe that here was good hunting ground for converts. But

polygamy was an old story to the California Indian, and the mormon messenger being taught more than he could teach, retired in discomfort.

At the time of its foundation San Jose was the nearest mission to the Russian settlements and furnished them with many of their needed supplies. In order to feed them as well as their own hungry hordes, great fields of wheat had to be cultivated, the mission Indians cutting the ripened grain with sickles and carrying it on their backs to the threshing corral, where the horses trampled it out and the wind winnowed it. The cut grain was spread on a level spot of hard ground, around which poles were driven, forming a large circle; within this enclosure were a number of cattle which were kept in constant motion, threshing out the grain by pressure and incessant stamping. All the methods of primitive days were still employed by the mission fathers, for land was not even plowed, though an upright metal-pointed stick fixed to a beam was sometimes hauled across the ground. Seed was thrown broadcast in time-honored fashion, brushed in with branches of trees—with most wonderful results. The mission records are responsible for the statement that here at San Jose one hundred and twenty bushels of wheat were scattered on unplowed ground, and simply scratched in, yielding a harvest of seven thousand bushels of grain.

To supply the enormous amount of meat needed,

weekly slaughters were necessary. Indians on horseback, armed with knives, would be sent out to ride at full speed over the grazing fields. When passing near an animal one of the Indians would strike it with his knife in the nerve at the nape of the neck, felling it with one blow. Following these horsemen like a flock of hungry wolves, came dozens of men on foot, who stripped off the hides. Next came others who cut up the meat and the funeral procession ended with a swarm of Indian women who gathered the fats in leather hampers. A field after such a slaughter looked like Waterloo after the charge of the Old Guard. Scattered about would be three or four carloads of skulls, ribs, spines and leg bones, which later would be piled up outside the corrals.

Out of this material wealth grew a more than usually prosperous mission, and it was not until 1840 that the secularization decline set in. Though restored to temporal control as early as 1843, the great herds had disappeared and the splendid fields were barren. The original church, once crouching at the foot of the hills had entirely disappeared, an earthquake completing the ruin begun by secularization. A modern steepled building rises from out the wreck, but it strikes a sharply discordant note in a one-time perfect harmony. Why is it that a beautiful religion cannot always be housed in a beautiful home? How does it come about that these messengers of Christ, unwordly and without experience, were able to surround

themselves with a religious atmosphere entirely lacking in most of the church-buildings conceived by architecturally trained minds?

All that remains of the mission is a wreck of a one-time cloister fronted by a rickety corridor without arches, upheld by posts of wood, covered with climbing roses, and known as the "old adobe."

But just behind is a clump of gnarled, dwarfed trees that point the way to a small but once celebrated olive garden which, big as this world is, quite suffices as a perpetual home for the Dominican Sisterhood. Here women of eight different nationalities work together for the happiness of the orphan children left in their care.

Running straight through this little garden, so at peace with the quiet waters of the bay and the blue sky, is a long avenue stationed with wooden shrines dedicated to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and down it the white-garbed sisters walk at their daily devotions.

"Telling four rosaries at each shrine
For their salvation and for thine."

Once there was a dear little white-haired lady here as the Mother Superior. Her face was very sad. She could never quite forget, for under the white of the Dominican Sisterhood there lay a very human woman's heart. Oh, certainly, every one who knows California knows her story. Her world was small and she played a

A SISTER, CONVENT OF DOMINICANS, SAN JOSÉ

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leading part in it. Then she was superbly beautiful, in a beautiful land noted for its beautiful women, but no one could hope to describe her exquisite grace of form and delicacy of feature or the transparent texture of her creamy skin through which the red blood glowed so brilliantly.

To Baron Rezanov, straight from Arctic Russia where he had passed a winter of deprivation and suffering without sight of womankind, Concha Arguello must have seemed a veritable vision of sweetness and grace. When first he saw her she was dressed in dainty white, with a delicate reboza of lace wrapt about her shoulders, and in her flashing black hair there glowed a red rose. Small wonder that even this cool, calculating Russian was captured by her beauty.

Russia, snowbound in the North, was turning with longing eyes to this land of "stingless winters" and Czar Paul had sent Rezanov to realize his dream of peaceful conquest. Despite his insane political follies and almost crazy reign, Emperor Paul had shown considerable shrewdness in choosing his ambassador. He was strong-willed, with the tenacity of purpose certain to carry to success the delicate enterprise upon which he had ventured, and at the same time a man of great gifts and fine instincts hardly to be expected in a courtier of the dissolute court of Catharine. The Russians had already encroached somewhat on the territory of California,

establishing relations with the Indians by means of gifts. Rezanov's purpose was to calm the fears of the Californians while gradually and insidiously securing a yet firmer foothold. He well knew that his brawny, strapping countrymen in a match for existence with indolent new Spain would surely come out the victors, and he looked upon the entire Pacific Coast as a future American Russia. With a mind crowded by such ambitions, Rezanov landed at San Francisco.

It was a difficult moment for Don Luis Arguello, brother of Concha and Commander-in-Chief at the San Francisco Presidio, he was fearful of antagonizing powerful Russia, yet dreaded the free admittance of foreigners into his defenseless country. But true to Spanish ancestry he left the to-morrow to do its worst, doing to-day everything that could be done to show courtesy to Russia's ambassador. And the very night of the arrival a ball was given, where Concha and Rezanov met for the first time.

That Concha should lose her heart to this distinguished stranger, one of the few men of the great world she had ever met, was an almost foregone conclusion, and to Rezanov this youthful coquette was a revelation. He permitted himself to fall in love, realizing that such an alliance would further his schemes. But being of the Oriental Catholic faith, he was a heretic in the eyes of these western Catholics, and to marry Concha he must

needs get a dispensation from the Pope at Rome, the consent of the King of Spain, as well as that of his own Emperor Alexander who, since his departure from Petrograd, had been made Czar in place of the murdered Paul. It meant a terribly long separation and a weary journey, but love and ambition won the day, and Rezanov started off on his quest for happiness and for the glory of his country, filled with wondrous anticipations.

Months of exhausting travel followed, and those thousands of miles on horseback with repeated boat journeys over half-frozen seas finally sapped even his wonderful vitality and stricken with Asiatic fever, his, dream of empire and love days with beautiful Concha burned to the socket, flickered and went out.

Two years passed before the news of his lonely death on the far-away Siberian plains filtered its way southward, and Concha was suddenly made aware that Life had tricked and mocked her. As day followed day she began to realize that only in the arms of the Church would she ever recover the peace and happiness of which she had dreamed, and she wore the habit of a Beata until it became certain that she had found the inexhaustible source of all love when she became the Bride of the Church.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WONDERFUL VALLEY OF SANTA CLARA AND DOLORES, THE MISSION OF SAN FRANCISCO

SPRING in the Santa Clara Valley reveals the secret hiding place of the long lost Garden of Eden. Its millions of trees are all garlanded with a luminous color mist of dimmest rose and warmest white, that surpasses even the far-famed cherries of Japan. Sweetpeas, blanketing the earth in great fields, fill the air with their perfume. This is the very heart of blossomland, where one gets more thrills to the acre than from any other land on earth.

Away back in 1792, Vancouver, visiting California, with his good ship "Discovery," compared Santa Clara to an English park huddling down between grizzly mountains, that rise four thousand feet on either side. Possibly it was more pleasing and restful to the eye in its native state than now when mosaiced into thousands of orchards producing, as recently officially estimated, 13,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 prunes. In the days of the gold frenzy it was the vegetable back yard of the miners where any willing

man could coin gold if he worked for it—the only way to coin it, according to some. One poor widow is said to raise here $700 worth of artichokes to every acre, every year, and she owns fifty acres—and is still a widow!

Palo Alto—tall tree—twenty-three miles from the Mission Santa Clara, is the home of the great Stanford University, built on the site of the old homestead and erected as a monument to Governor Stamford's only child. "Henceforth the children of California shall be my children," he is quoted as saying, and the resultant memorial is as beautiful as the spirit which conceived it. An endowment of thirty millions of dollars immediately lifted it from the sphere of politics, as not requiring state aid; exempting it even from the slightest dependence on tuition fees and making possible that paternalism which can shape the moral as well as the physical side of college life, impracticable in most universities. Then a virgin tract of eight thousand acres, without a building anywhere to dictate style or to be fitted by force into the general scheme, it gave an opportunity for a perfectly balanced plan. There are two quadrangles, one completely surrounding the other—an adaptation of the Mission San Antonio—with open arches, long colonnades and the red roofing of old Spanish days. The chapel, called by many the most artistic church in the country, has a facade of mosaic with much of the interior decorated in the same manner. It is only exceeded in extent by

the famous Capello Real at Palermo.

As in Santa Clara where the name Palo Alto is the sole representative of the giant redwoods that once lifted their branches two and three hundred feet high, so St. Mathew's County—San Mateo—calls attention to her once noble forest in the town of Redwood. It is a busy little place of no pretense, quite unlike the city of San Mateo, only three miles further along, which on a banner of bunting stretched across the road boasts the charms of its magnificent hotel. "The impressive magnitude of the main lobby with oaken walls embellished with hand-carved ornamentation."

But this is California, remember.

Soon comes Burlingame, the summer home of fashionable San Francisco, the stage for the frolics of the modern friars. That is the Burlingame off the highway, where the roads zig-zag and cris-cross at every angle, leaving coy little houses tucked away in roadside corners to give friendly greeting—though there are many big ones planted on distant lawns in somewhat scornful isolation—but big or little, all smothered in flowers with so resultant a warmth of color that it draws the sting of the scornful and makes more friendly the greeting of the waysider.

Quite different this from the Atlantic Coast, where the country in summer is sought by city dwellers in search of coolness. Here the San Franciscans leave their city

THE MISSION OF DALORES TO-DAY

in summer for the sake of the bright warm sunshine that bathes the countryside. Only twenty miles of roadway, without bump or jump, takes one well away from the cold winds and the damp fogs that much of the summer crawl in scarves among the hundred hills of the city of Saint Francis.

A bustling city covers the spot where Ortega and his comrades stood looking over an arid waste towards the smiling waters of the bay beyond. It is a gay city of airy inconsequence that now lies along the muddy shallows.

But it is the home of the mission Dolores.

DOLORES

The Bay of San Francisco and the site upon which the present city is built were discovered in 1769 by Jose Ortega, Sergeant of the Portola Expedition in search of Monterey. Failing to find Monterey, as they supposed, the explorers pushed further North, to the eventual discovery of San Francisco. When on their return they reported this "find" to Padre Junipero Serra, he, as a faithful Franciscan, expressed unbounded joy, remembering his conversation with the Don Galvez who had planned the expedition of conquest. Galvez, it seems, had arbitrarily assigned San Diego, Monterey and San Buenaventura as names for missions, making no mention of the founder of the Franciscan Order which controlled

the religious end of the enterprise. On Serra remonstrating with Galvez he replied: "If Saint Francis desires a mission, let him show us his harbor, and he shall have one." Serra firmly believed that Saint Francis had taken this literally and miraculously interposed to conceal Monterey and lead the adventurers to San Francisco in proof that he wished that mission. When notified, Don Galvez also accepted the discovery as a miracle and piously assented to a dedication to Saint Francis. This dedication took place in October, 1776, with all the ceremony possible. When the walls of the little brushwood chapel had been gaily dressed with flags and pennants, the image of Saint Francis was borne in solemn procession—a preparation of the hearts of the faithful for the holy sacrifice of the mass. As the procession moved in solemn step around the church plaza, the priests chanting sacred hymns, sprinkled the people with holy water, for the truly faithful seek to take part in the mass with a conscience devoid of offense, and they are sprinkled with the water sanctified by solemn benediction to symbolize the necessity of such internal purity. On returning to the church the sacred image was placed upon the altar and the foundation mass was sung, the Saint being invoked as patron of the new mission to the roar of the guns of the good ship "Golden Fleece" and the fusilade of the soldier guard. The mission was called San Francisco or Dolores. Properly it is the Mis-

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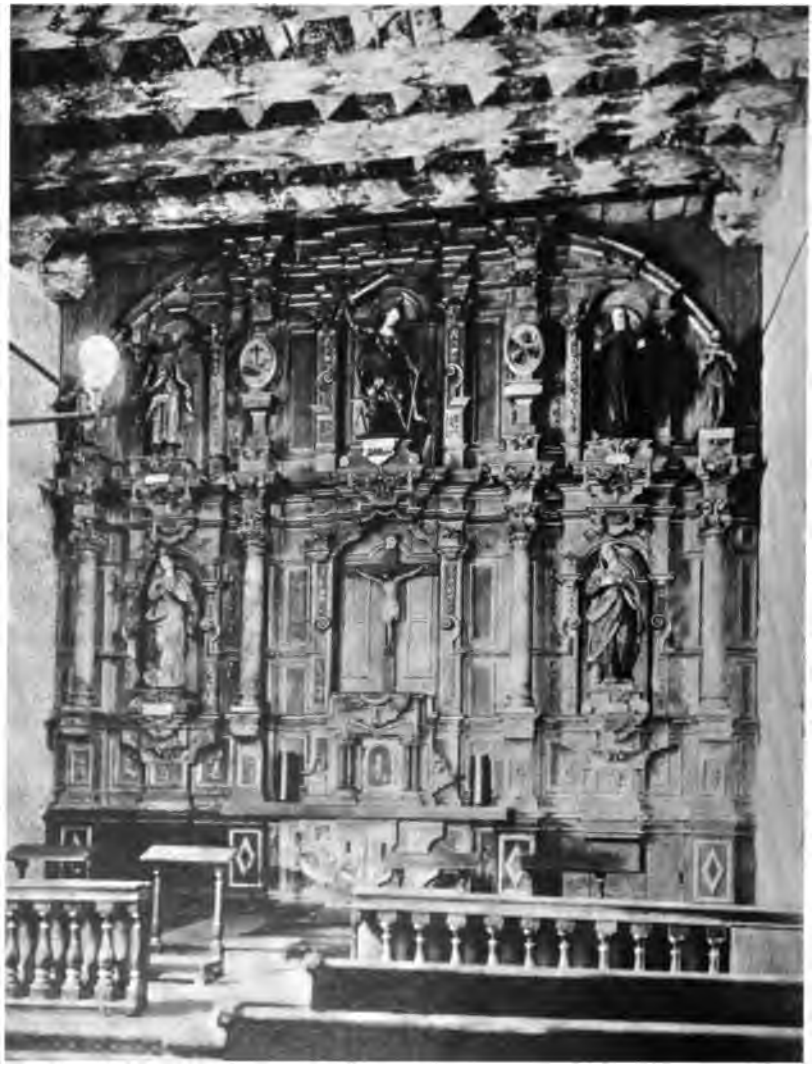

THE MAIN ALTAR OF MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO

sion of San Francisco de Assisi *at* Dolores; for the name Nuestra Senora de los Dolores—Our Lady of Sorrows—was first given to the lagoon beside which the buildings of the mission were erected, and they borrowed the name of the creek which honored the sorrows of Mary.

Architecturally the church dedicated in 1782 sounds quite a different note than any of the other missions, showing distinctive features of both Moorish and Corinthian, as well as the so-called "mission"—the facade being adorned with four massive pillars and an arched doorway with four arches above, in which hang the bells. To-day the wide-spreading eaves, the gentle sloping roof crowned with a glistening cross is like some exquisite picture carelessly thrown on the rubbish heap of forgetfulness, but like the lotus of Japan, growing in muddy, stagnant water, it symbolizes purity in the midst of sin.

Vancouver tells us that on his first visit the roofs were still of thatch, and the dwellings of the Indians were only huts of willow, entwined with twigs and covered with grass. These, he says, were infested with every sort of filth; refuse food was left wherever it happened to drop, and vermin flourished plentifully. When in time these huts became absolutely uninhabitable, the Indians merely set fire to them and erected others on the same inexpensive plan.

Dolores was the one mission where sentiment alone

dictated the foundation, and, materially never prosperous, as the soil was woefully poor, the decline after secularization was even more rapid than usual. "If any one of the old priests who is buried close to the grey walls could suddenly rise from his narrow, damp grave and see the change, he would wring his skeleton hands in dismay," so writes a San Franciscan in 1835. The church tried to maintain its old place as the Spaniards were still in the majority and too much attached to their religion not to defend their sanctuary, with all the stubbornness of their national character. But heretics and foreigners quartered themselves in the old apartments of the priests, while some of the mission buildings were occupied as a brewery and tavern; others as dance halls and saloons for gambling. Only a few stray Indians were to be seen, and they loitered about the place, one-half the time in a state of drunkenness, the other half basking in the sun, only now and then when needing money to again get befuddled would they bestir themselves to run errands or do any other odd job. You see, their wants were few; before the arrival of the missionaries with so-called civilizing influences, they were still less. In those free and easy days, whenever the weather was raw, they merely coated their bodies with black mud to protect them from the cold, and as soon as it became warm and pleasant again, just washed it off to enjoy their accustomed nudity. Once on a very cold morning, Padre Danti

asked a perfectly naked Indian if he wasn't cold. The Indian replied that he was not; but seeing a dubious smile on the padre's face, inquired: "Is your face cold?" "Why, no," replied the priest. "Well," retorted the Indian, "I am all face."

Saint Francis, a man of really remarkable character, was born in the little town of Assisi, Italy, in 1182, and because of the fact that as a child he could speak the language of France, was named Francis.

As might be expected of a youth of spirit and fortune in those days, he lived a gay and riotous life until called to the war which had broken out between his native town and a neighboring city. There he was captured and kept a prisoner in close confinement for over a year, and during those awful hours of loneliness and solitude he brooded over the immensity of his sins and the frightful abyss between the life he had lived and the life he ought to lead. Filled with remorse he solemnly swore that upon his release he would forever renounce the world and live only the life of mortification, then generally supposed to be for the service of God. Unable to do things by halves, he became terribly earnest in his religious enthusiasm and by rigid fasting brought himself close to death's door. Sleepless and incessant contemplation wrought his imagination into a frenzy, and before long he persuaded himself that he saw visions and dreamed dreams. One

day, while praying in an old dilapidated church, he heard a voice from the crucifix calling upon him to repair the falling walls of Christ's house. He at once sold everything he possessed, turning over the proceeds to the priest, and offered himself as a common laborer until the necessary repairs were completed.

Neither his father's threats, the gibes of his former friends and companions, nor popular ridicule could turn him from his purpose. The more he was opposed the more firm he became in his determination to cast everything aside and follow Christ. He accepted the life and example of Christ as his most literal rule. He stripped himself of his ordinary clothing and put on a cloak of the coarsest material to be found, following the life of a beggar and sleeping upon the ground with a block of wood or a stone as his pillow. He ate his scanty food with ashes strewn upon it and scourged himself cruelly. In mid-winter rolling himself on the snow and ice to extinguish the sensual fires within. He fasted and prayed and preached; he shed tears so copiously as to become almost blind, and in nearly every conceivable way he cultivated what to others must have appeared the most abject misery. But his enthusiasm increased rather than diminished and his ardor became rapture, his rapture ecstasy. Finally he came to believe that he received visits and communications from Christ, and the saints, and so persistent and constant was his vision that

according to the legend, he was rewarded with the impression of the stigmata. In other words, he was supposed to be so entirely given up to piety and godliness and to be so perfect in the imitation of Christ as even to bear like Him the marks of the crucifix and passion.

A persistent life of this kind in whatever light it might be looked upon in these days, could not fail in those to attract attention and admiration. Was this not truly the life of one who was laying up treasures in heaven in doing all that was required by the Scriptures to inherit eternal life? Had he not sold all that he possessed, given to the poor, taken up his cross and followed Christ? Was there not every reason to believe him sincere, and if sincere was it possible for anyone to pursue more strictly, either according to the spirit of the letter, the directions of Holy Writ? Believed to be sincere and living in an age of faith, he could not fail to have followers as well as admirers. Prominent men partaking of his spirit desired to imitate him and become his companions. A rich merchant in whose house he had once been a guest first led the way by selling all his estate, distributing it among the poor and associating himself in the devotions and labors of his friend. Another and another followed the example thus set, and by degrees the company increased into the commencement of a great order. The new members as they came in adopted the same dress that Francis wore: a robe of coarse grey

serge, tied about the waist with a hempen rope, later called the Saint Francis Girdle, which tied about the middle falls almost to the feet and is used as a lash of discipline, for which purpose it has several large knots towards the end, called "stings."

The beginning of this order dates from 1209 and its progress was so rapid that ten years later it numbered over 5,000 members. In less than fifty years after the death of the founder it counted over 200,000 members, with 8,000 monasteries and convents; and, as we have seen, more than five hundred years later was sowing the long road between San Diego and Sonoma with missions, and building to the memory of St. Francis himself that one work with which we have just dealt.

CHAPTER XX

ACROSS THE WATERS OF THE BAY TO THE HOSPITAL-MISSION OF SAN RAFAEL

FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA on his first visit to Dolores stood on the shore of the great waters, and gazing over the wide expanse of the bay is said to have given thanks to God that St. Francis with the holy cross of the procession of missions had reached the last limit of the California continent—"To go further," he added, "one must go by boat."

And much of the way to San Rafael is by boat—across San Francisco Bay to Contra Costa—the modern Oakland, a friendly sort of a city, so near to Berkeley that their borders melt in together. Berkeley is the educational beacon light of the Pacific Coast, and was referred to long ago by Bishop Berkeley, after whom the university is named, in his prophetic line: "Westward the course of empire takes its flight." Berkeley has a hilly campus of nearly three hundred acres, giving a wonderful view of the Golden Gate. Looking from her gentle hills, writes the poet of the West, you behold a vista that is

surpassed only by the Golden Horn, including the silvery ripples of the great bay, and beyond them the gleam of the mountains whose wall in some early epoch was broken and hurled asunder to make way for the Golden Gate, a gate that opens to the ocean and to romantic mysteries of Asia.

In the hills surrounding Richmond, some six miles further on, are many mortar-like depressions made for grinding corn, evidencing the horde of Indians once living here. At Richmond there is more water and just across is the road which leads direct into San Rafael.

But perhaps you have chosen the water passage to Sausalito, perched on tree-covered heights, where the road runs through beautiful redwoods, and by the romantic old saw mill which gives the valley its name. Above Mill Valley towers Mount Tamalpais, of volcanic origin. "The earth has bubbles just as water has, and Tamalpais is one of them." It is a mountain of memorable figure, springing direct from the sea level, plumbing the narrow entrance on the south where the loud music of the Pacific sounds along the cliffs and among the dismal shifting sand hills wrinkled by incessant winds. Tamalpais looks down upon San Francisco, and all approaching ships are first sighted from its marine observatory. The view from the summit spreads out the country below like some topographical map, and only then does one truly appreciate the size of the wonderful harbor of San

Francisco—the largest land-locked harbor in the world.

Between Sausalito and San Rafael is little of interest, except the prison San Quentin, that living tomb of thousands who have been lured into the easiest way. At San Rafael itself there is absolutely nothing to remind one of the old hospital mission except perhaps those memories which, like magic glasses, always reproduce the pictures of the past.

A scourge of measles had laid heavy hand upon the neophytes of San Francisco, and one of the compassionate padres, believing that a transfer across the bay, away from the harsh ocean breezes, might "stem the advancing tide of death," made so successful an experiment that the Father Presidente agreed to found a hospital mission. Of course, nothing could be done without governmental co-operation, and as a matter of fact the foundation was actually due to Don Vincente de Sola, the last of the Spanish governors, who again used the mission as a pioneer agency, wishing to extend still further northward an additional check to the much feared Russian settlers. A wide survey of the North was ordered—the last expedition made in California under Spanish rule. It was like the first Portola exploration in 1769, with much the same objects and methods. They chose as the site for the Mission San Rafael one of the most picturesque, as well as healthful spots in all California.

"Looking southward, one saw, less than a mile distant, a long, steep ridge densely covered with green foliage. High over this, some five miles further, rose the deep purplish-blue peak of Mount Tamalpais. To the right the view was closed in by wooded hills, but to the left it opened out miles of bay, with small islands in sight, beyond which could dimly be seen the double-humped summit of Mount Diablo."

Amid these glorious surroundings a mission was dedicated to the yet unrepresented Archangel San Rafael. The Archangel Rafael being chosen as patron saint in order, as the records state, that the most glorious prince, who in his name expresses the healing of God, might care for bodies as well as for souls.

It was a somewhat composite building, including such apartments as might be needed for a sanatorium, with no attempt made to beautify the place architecturally. The church, like most of those in Northern California, never much to look at was decorated more or less in a tawdry, unpleasant style often seen in the poorer churches of Spain. Of course there were the usual quarters for the workers as well as for the unmarried men and women, and every evening one could see at the door of the monjerio an old Indian woman who held in her hand a list of names which she checked as the girls one by one went in for the night. When all were

accounted for, the matron locked the door and took the key to the Father, making her report.

At about eight or nine years of age all Indian girls were brought to this nunnery, where they were carefully reared in seclusion, being taught all womanly occupatons. With them were the widows who it is said, at the death of their husbands, always lamented this confinement, which was certain to follow, as much as they mourned for the dear departed. Locked in at night, they were released only at the sound of the bell for prayers, then going first to church and after to break their fast at the pozolera, where they remained until time to commence the daily task. They were supposed to live in this monjerio until married.

Picture, if you can, a low stone structure built around a patio, with a huge fountain in the center. Here in seclusion the Indian girls would bathe, gossip and work, but despite the seclusion and the vigilance of the old Indian matron, many a dark-eyed maiden arrests the attention of some stalwart brave, who could always coax the padre to intercede for him. But generally all the unmarried neophytes would be summoned to church, once in so often, and arranged along the wall—the women on one side, the men on the other. Then would the good padre ask the men, one by one, which of the women opposite they chose to marry. If any selected a woman

showing an unwillingness to accept him, he had to choose again. On asking the women, if several women chose the same man, and he manifested no preference, their names were thrown together in a hat and the man drew one out. Even so, these marriages were as happy as many of those in other lands under other laws, and hundreds of contented homes grew up around the mission walls.

One of California's oldest native sons, over the cup that cheers, still reminisces about the good old days and tells how at secularization the Mission San Rafael was granted from out her once wide possessions only the little plot of ground on which the sacred building stood. Fremont took possession at the time of the bear-flag revolution, and the buildings suffered cruelly under his occupancy.

To-day not a vestige remains; except perhaps a few old trees in the padre's orchard—that is all.

Mexico was in arms against Spain, and Don Pablo Vincente de Sola, the last Spanish governor of the Californians, was to be inaugurated with unusual ceremony and rejoicing. Making ready for the great occasion. broad covered corridors were built around the plaza. Their pillars were decorated with festoons of evergreen, while all the adjoining houses were ornamented in a similar manner with flowers and boughs of pine. Mis-

sionaries, commanding officers of the military posts and all the important men of the colony were present, when Governor Sola, accompanied by the officers of his staff, amidst the roar of artillery walked to the church where twenty priests assisted by sixty Indian musicians were in waiting to chant the *Te Deum.* The troops, both military and cavalry, were drawn up in front of the church which was crowded with *gente de razon* of the presidio and ranchos. Those that could not find entrance knelt in the plaza or in the corridors.

The cavalry wore their sleeveless bullet-proof jackets of buckskin, trousers of dark cloth and low-crowned hats. On their left arms were rough shields made from bull-hide and in their right hands ten-foot lances. They, too, knelt during the ceremony, but sprang to their mettlesome steeds the moment it was over and stood at attention while the governor, followed by a gorgeous procession, marched to the flagstaff in the center of the plaza and saluted the royal lion of Castille.

Immediately after, twenty young damsels came forward, *a dar el besamano a su senora* on behalf of their parents, tendering their felicitations to the Governor on his accession to power. Then following the usage and fashion of the time, they kissed the Governor's hand, and history tells that the Governor liked it and would not have objected to more.

By this time all were quite ready for luncheon, where

there were luscious oranges and pomegranates from the mission at Obispo, enormous ripe olives from San Diego, figs and preserved dates from Buenaventura, sweet bread and cakes from the Mission of San Antonio, with good red wine from San Fernando. So bountiful was the supply that after the Governor and his party had finished, orders had to be given to put up other tables and call in the populace, about five hundred of whom were fed.

At nightfall the church as well as the houses and even the trees were ablaze with light—little clay vessels containing suet and wick, and the men and women, old and young, romped and danced in the courtyard to the strumming of the guitar.

The next day on horseback the Governor took the road to Monterey, going through a dense forest of pine where were placed many great crosses, significant of Christ's suffering. But they had not gone far before a band of choristers appeared, all wearing newly washed robes, attended by many young Indians in the dress of acolytes. They were closely followed by the padres marching in two wings, merging on a center where was a crude platform bearing a crucifix. Coming next were a horde of "white-washed" savages to the number of two thousand, each carrying a flowering branch in his hand. The governor and his officers immediately dismounted, and walked to the center where the crucifix was presented by the Presidente of the mission. One by one they kissed

the feet of the effigy and then continued their journey to the mission.

This was the last ceremony of the kind held in California.

CHAPTER XXI

THROUGH ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS TO SOLANO—THE MISSION AND THE HOME OF THE BEAR-FLAG REVOLUTION

On entering Sonoma County one may travel for miles in a scenic setting not unlike that of the Champagne District of France. Here are those long stretches of green vineyards where was grown most of the fruit that in the old happy days produced annually fifty million gallons of wine in California.

The wine pressers, largely French and Italian, as is always their habit, have transplanted to his new home many of the picturesque customs of their native land, and each year, when the grapes are bursting with "the blood of October" Bacchus is feasted and in gala costume the workers dance in procession through the ripening vineyards.

Leading the procession are the very old, wrinkled with age, representing Winter. Coming after are boys and girls clad in white, emblematic of youthful Springtime, skipping their way to the music of *O Printemps belle*

saison. Then maturing Summer placidly follows, full-bosomed peasants, invoking the blessings of Mother Earth. *O, notre mère éternelle et féconde Terre sacrée entends nos chants.* Last in line is Autumn, crowned with leaves, riotously forgetful of the sorrows and hardships of coming winter. The women are dressed in dazzling saffron, the men in imitation tiger-skins. All carry on their shoulders baskets of grapes or pull with ropes of vine rustic carts overflowing with fruit which they pitch into the wine press to the chanting of the bacchanal: *O, Bacchus fais ruisseler le sang d'Octobre aux cuvées des pressoir.*

Then to the songs of the God of Wine is danced the dance of Canephores. As if driven by a strong wind, the dancers whirl round and round the basket bearer, fluttering over their heads bits of cloth tinted to all the shades of dead grape leaves—bright red to brown, yellow to gray—circling closer and closer to the Goddess, they at last fall at her feet, like dead leaves strewn on the ground and the fruit is ready for the reaper.

The natives with contempt for all foreign ways stick to alfalfa, and in this wonder land the "never quitter" springs out of the irrigated fields six times every year, and still the farmers grumble "Why, I thought," says one, "when I had done the planting and got the water going I would take it easy, but the durned stuff grows so fast it keeps me jumping to get it cut."

When Luther Burbank, prime minister of Ceres and plant wizard, wished a rich soil and balmy air, where did he go? Why, here! And with patient cunning year by year he keeps wresting from Mother Earth her innermost secrets.

Just as keen-sighted were the friars of the olden days when they chose this for the home of the Mission Solano.

The last "bead" on the mission rosary is Sonoma, and with Sonoma have been strung twenty-one stations of prayer. That mission came into existence under a cloud of wordy warfare between the religious and secular authorities. Father Altimira, an inexperienced and conceited young friar, to quote the records, believing himself wiser than his superiors, urged, and with the full support of the Government, that a new Mission San Francisco should be founded, intending to suppress the old, being disgusted with the climate and future prospects of Dolores. But it was that enterprising, independent, first Mexican governor who actually instigated Father Altimira to his blind insubordination. A man of great individuality and a keen student in his little world, Luis Arguello carried his liberal ideas into every walk of life, social as well as political. It was about this time that the foreign waltz was introduced, and quickly went both to the feet and the heads of the entire countryside. The Spanish *el jota* and *contradanza* were discarded as old-

fashioned, and the young senoritas night after night whirled about like mad in the delicious excitement of this new sensuous dance. Parents shuddered and priests shouted, but to no avail. Finally the bishop issued an edict threatening all with excommunication who waltzed either in public or private, throwing the young people into a panicy gloom, for they dreaded excommunication with all their pious little souls. The very night this edict came into force there was a dance, but no dancing, until someone appealed to Luis Arguello, when he merely shrugged his shoulders, saying that he was neither a bishop nor an archbishop, and had no jurisdiction over dancing, but if he knew how and felt like it, he would certainly waltz as much as he pleased. In a moment every couple in the room was again whirling and the missionaries had to give it up, as was the case in every controversy they had with Arguello.

The Governor had long felt that further protection of the northern frontier was badly needed, and realizing as did all politicians that missions always served as a means of defense, used the Jesuit Altimira as his religious tool, though looking upon the enterprise as purely military, and the proposed mission as a sort of outpost or barrier against the Russians and the Americans, who were now beginning to pour into the Far West. The American headquarters was Sutters, strongly fortified and completely surrounded by a four-foot adobe wall, fully eighteen feet

high. Sometimes it held as many as five hundred American immigrants within its protecting walls. This was the spot where the excited Marshall brought the first grains of gold to the half-visionary Sutter, two dreamers, who for a day and a night held in their hands the destiny of the West.

Hence it came about that, in this Valley of the Moon—the beautiful oak-covered vine-bearing valley of Sonoma, so abundantly watered as to be called the fountainhead of fountains, Father Altimira illegally raised the cross of foundation on July 4, 1823. As the cross rose the soldiers fired volley upon volley in salute, while the Christian Indians sang hymns of praise and adoration. Several lighted candles were placed at the foot of the cross and one upon each arm. As soon as the cross was sprinkled and perfumed with frankincense all knelt before it in prayer, bowing their heads and saying: "*O crux ave spes unica*"—"Hail thou Cross, our only hope—behold the wood of the cross on which the Saviour of the world was extended. Let us come and adore."

Nine months later the church was dedicated with full ceremony. Three crosses were hung on each wall and over each cross was placed a candle; those twelve candles representing the light of the gospel preached over the world by the Twelve Apostles. The church was emptied of all except one priest and the front door was locked. Then other priests with the soldiers and neophytes

formed in procession, and with lighted torches made the tour of the building, sprinkling the walls with holy water. When they reached the front door on their round, the officiating priest stopped and said: "*Oremus*," and all responded: "*Flectamus Genus*"—"Let us kneel." At once the priest went to the door, striking it three times with his staff, that heaven, earth and hell might yield, calling out: "*Attolite portas et introbit rex gloriae.*" The priest within responded, "Who is this King of Glory?" "It is the Lord God Almighty; the God of Hosts!" Then all cry out three times: "Open the door! Peace be in this house!" To which the priest within replied: "Then thou shalt enter," and opened the door. As all went in, singing in a loud voice, they repeatedly crossed themselves, effectually to confound the devil, as all devils must vanish at the sign of the cross. Once in the middle of the church the officiating priest knelt and began the *Veni Creator*, taking ashes and scattering them in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, crying out: "We beseech thee to hear us, oh St. Francisco Solano!"

Though always known as the Mission of Sonoma, its rightful title is San Francisco Solano of Sonoma, in honor of San Francisco Solano who joined the Franciscan order before he was twenty, being immediately sent to Peru, where he was to act as an Inca missionary. A terrible storm arose during his sailing voyage, and the vessel was driven upon a rocky shore, when the captain begged

Francisco to come into the life-boat and be saved; but he refused to leave certain pagan Indians who were aboard, for whom there was no room in the tiny life craft. As the storm increased in violence and the mighty waves washed the decks of the vessel which was fast breaking to pieces, Francisco calmed the fears of the pagans, instructing and hurriedly baptizing them in preparation for death. For this he was canonized Indian Missionary, and so was especially fitted to act as patron saint in California.

In the theory of law, a mission once having introduced the faith among the heathen, ceased to function. Designed for frontier work it was intended to be only temporary, ten years being allowed each mission to accomplish its work, and at the end of that time it was to be turned over to the established clergy. Solano had hardly completed the ten years of existence allowed by the most radical secularization measure, when that first secular wedge, the Pueblo, was introduced by order of the governor, bringing an administrator who publicly thanked God that the Indians of the mission were at last to get their rights. "From the bottom of my heart," he wrote, "I rejoice at the deliverance of these poor people from the clutches of these missionaries," and in later communications he recited all that he had done toward that noble end. He gathered the residents of the mission together and told them they were free to go where they pleased and make a living any way they could. At first he divided the

flocks among them, but finding that the result was bad for their welfare, as it only involved them in quarrels, he removed the cause of the quarrel by taking over the cattle himself.

Secularization was followed at Solano by the dispersal of the entire Indian population.

Some few years ago necessity outweighed sentiment, and the bishop of the diocese sold the mission, using the proceeds to build a modern church. It was resold to W. R. Hearst, who generously deeded it to the State of California to be kept for all times as a monument to past glories.

At the dawn of 1845 California was in the full spotlight of the play staged by the anti-slavery party of the United States. They ardently desired California as an offset to the recent acquisition of Texas for pro-slavery, and had offered to buy, but Mexico had refused to sell. Opportunely, Mexico made war when Texas declared her independence. The Mexicans in revolution at home could not care for California, and she also declared her independence. But once detached she floated, as it were in the air, inviting somebody—anybody—to take her out of the cold—a task much to the liking of both England and France, who thought they saw their opportunity when the American colonists, legally settled on the Pacific Coast, were ordered out of the country without

compensation or redress. A company of Californian cavalry was raised to drive out the hated "gringoes" by Pio Pico, the thirteenth Mexican governor, and, in view of the superstitious, very properly the last.

America in recognizing the rights of its citizens to protection could do no less than try and protect them. This brought Fremont upon the scene, followed by Ide, a tall, broad-shouldered frontiersman, who at the first rumor that Americans were to be driven out of California had gathered together a party of his friends. He urged the taking of Sonoma, the headquarters of Vallejo, the northern commandant-general. "Let's fly to Sonoma, but not fly the country. While we have arms let us fight." Then this "opera bouffe" war commenced.

Sonoma was entered in the darkness of the night, and the palacio of Guadelupe Mariano Vallejo, diagonally opposite the Solano Mission, was quickly surrounded. Three of the leaders left their companions and knocked loudly at the barred front door. Soon the dignified head of Vallejo appeared at an upper window, wanting to know who dared disturb his august person at this hour of the night. But on seeing the plaza filled with men and being told that he was a prisoner, his fat chin began to tremble and he hastily withdrew, appearing somewhat later at the doorway with a suave invitation to the three Americans to come within. A lavish supply

of wine and aguardiente was brought, in order, so said Vallejo, to take off the shill of the cold-grey California night, and in no time at all the Americans became merry and forgetful. After a long waiting, fearing disaster, Ide forced himself into the house only to find one of his lieutenants lying across the table, among empty glasses and bottles, asleep. Another was fast nodding into the same condition, while the third was valiantly trying to master a near-collapse. Vallejo, the wily diplomat, had be-deviled them and stolen away their good resolutions. But Ide at once turned the tables, taking charge and preparing articles of capitulation that announced the establishment of a government on the principle of the Republic of the United States. This he read to the assembled crowd, and the Mexican flag was lowered. But what should take its place? There happened to be an American woman living at the mission who had come to Sonoma for safety at the first signs of the outbreak. The leaders went to her and asked if she had anything from which a flag could be made. The good lady, thinking for a moment, said "I have a piece of new cotton. Will that do?" "A good beginning," replied the man who had been selected as artist. So taking the cloth he laid it on the table before him and sat down in deep study. At last, turning to the others, he asked: "What shall the picture be?" "A lone star," suggested one; "our republic has only one State." But the others, when

asked their opinion, said "Put a star in one corner, if you will, but put a grizzly bear in the center, for a bear is no coward when his dander is up. He will fight and never run away." Upon this they agreed, with the addition of "CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC" in capital letters.

And the little group toiled until midnight with linseed oil and Venetian red, filling in the crude star and roughly drawn bear. The capital letters were sketched in black ink, and then a stripe of somebody's red flannel shirt was basted along the bottom, so that there might be one stripe for the one star.

All were up at dawn to raise the new flag to its point of glory.

But a month later Commander Sloat pulled down the bear-flag putting "Old Glory" in its place, and California burst from its crysalis form at Sonoma and flew into the sisterhood of the United States.

L'ENVOI

Thus have we seen how the dream of Junipero Serra, that mission stations might dot the line from San Diego to San Francisco, was more than realized.

But the Spanish Franciscans have all gone. And the neophytes that gathered about the mission doors have also disappeared—almost utterly as a race.

The Roman Catholic Church to be sure, is here—as it is everywhere—but it holds to-day only a part of the people, where in the old days it held all.

Still, do not look upon these missions "as spectres of former glory, but rather as eloquent epitaphs of the deeds of their founders," for though the bells be forever silent, and the walls continue to crack and crumble, all that remains deserves to be reverenced as representing manly efforts dedicated to Christian religion.

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